

WILLIAM BOOTH - Founder
EDWARD HIGGINS - General

The WAR CRY

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in Canada East and
Newfoundland

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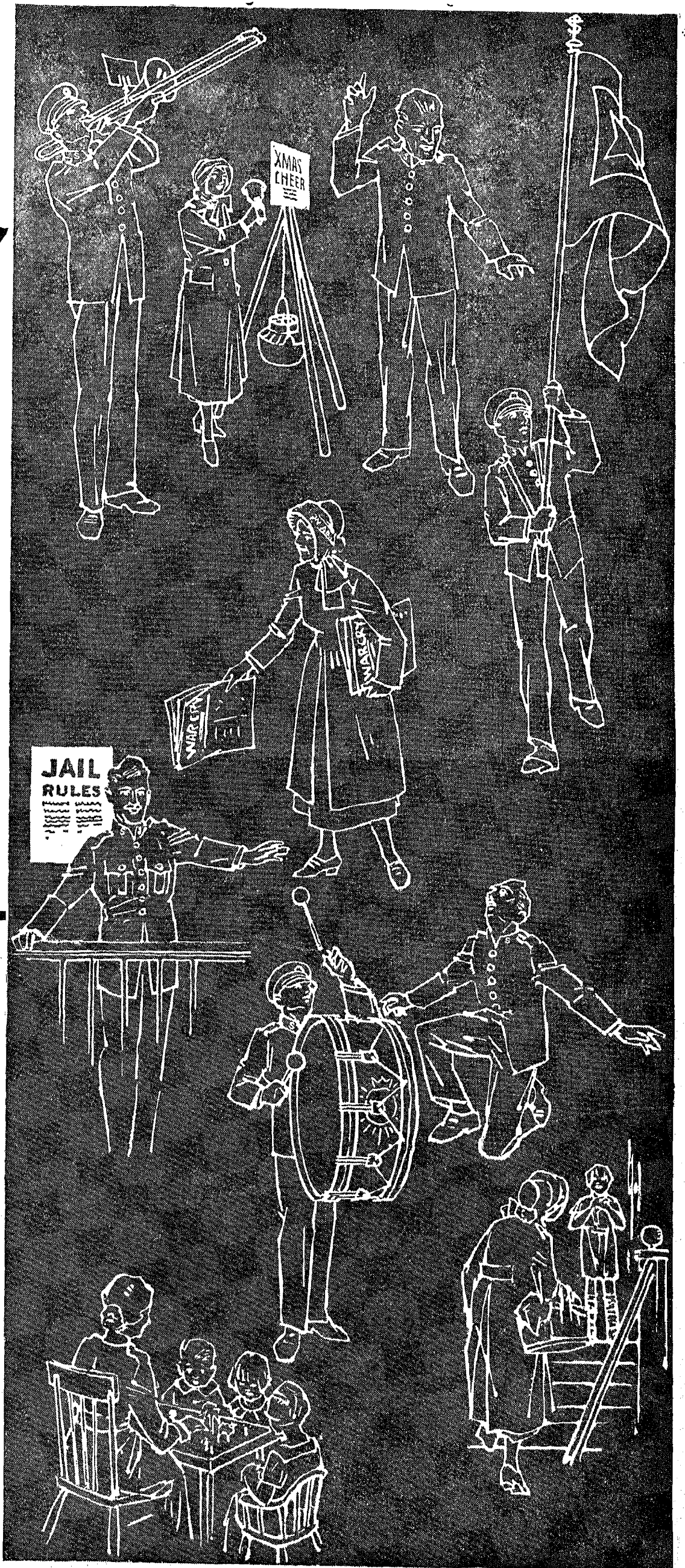
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JAMES HAY. - COMMISSIONER

TORONTO 2. JUNE 7 1930

THERE IS Romance IN Enthusiasm

"Then who wouldn't
be a Soldier, an
Army Soldier, a
Fighting Soldier?"



LIFT ME, O GOD

Lift me, O God, above myself,
Above the lesser things,
Above my little gods of clay,
And all their captivings.
And grant my soul a glad new birth,
And fledge it strong new wings,
That it may soar above the earth
To nobler prosperings.

— John Oxenham.

HIS FIRST LESSON

Was in the Art of Obedience
MR. RUSKIN, the famous author, used to say that the first lesson he learnt was to be obedient. "One evening," he says, "when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose! but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got; and the last which for some time I asked."

I should never have made my success in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.—Charles Dickens.

Georges Fayard has bet that he will Live

Until the Year 2,100

Herewith we Submit a Suggestion for his Consideration

PARIS.—Confident that he will live 200 years by following a system which he has formulated, Georges Fayard, the sculptor, has made a wager with the Paris Faculty of Medicine that he will survive that long. The medicos have made a physical examination and analyzed his blood and have signed a report which will be handed down to succeeding generations in case Fayard survives. His "secret" is merely: A rational diet, gymnastics every morning and moral and intellectual discipline. — Newspaper clipping.

WELL done, Georges Fayard! We wish you success in your bold bid to approach Methuselah's record for longevity, though we must candidly confess our deplorable dubitancy anent the outcome of your time-and-decay-beating contest.

But even if the super-race of 2100 should be privileged to celebrate your advent to the exclusive bicentenarian class, do you think that you will be satisfied with the achievement? We doubt it. You will want to go on liv-

ing. Self-preservation, as you well know, is a fundamental instinct, inherent in all men. It struggles toward expression in the desire for perpetuation of name, and in the reluctance with which men release their grip on life.

Two hundred years hence, if you live, you will still be doing your utmost to avert the onslaughts of long-delayed Death. Do you think you can live forever? Surely you do not forget that Science unites with revealed religion in testimony to the fact that seeds of decay are to be found in every human body that comes into the world, and that through all time they have continued to exact their lethal toll.

May we submit a proposition to you, Georges Fayard (in case you have not already accepted it)? If you really wish for life, why not go in for Eternal Life? Physical existence at its best is but an ephemeral affair; it is less enduring, when compared with the life of the soul, than is that infinitesimal organism whose existence is bounded by the first and last seconds of a fleeting minute, as contrasted with the three-score years and ten of human existence.

Now, there is a perfect plan whereby you may secure Eternal Life; it was introduced two thousand years ago by Jesus Christ. We have observed its operation in the lives of many folk and have been amazed at the complete transformation it affects; in a strange way it creates those qualities that all men believe to be eternal—moral goodness and beauty—even in lives that were most sordid and depraved. At physical death we have seen such souls pass away with a sense of triumph, a lack of fear, a confidence of approach to the Beyond. What a contrast to the

THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING CHILDREN

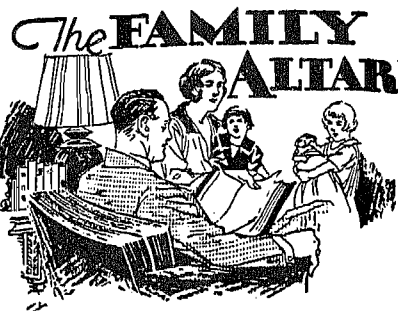
I believe that our religion does enable us to account for much that is extremely baffling in human history and in the conditions of human life. One problem there is, however, in the presence of which I always feel dumb. It is the problem of suffering children. I cannot grasp anything tangible in the Divine purpose which permits little children to suffer. I cannot doubt His love. I know that wisdom belongeth unto Him. All the same, I feel, not merely pain, but a sense of profound mystery when I approach the suffering of children. I hear above the voice of the crippled and starved another voice which stirs me. I am in the presence of the insoluble. I realize this in connection with those states of misery of the innocent and helpless, as I do not realize it even in experiences which might be thought more solemn, such as the presence of death or of widespread calamity.

—GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH.

death of, let us say, Ingersoll, who said: "Life is a narrow vale between two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry!"

The newspaper clipping quoted above, refers to your "secret" formula. The "secret" of Eternal Life, my friend, is simply this: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

If you desire to press this matter further, we beg of you to accept the well-tried advice of Jesus Himself: "Search the Scriptures." Therein you will discover every satisfaction for the innate propensity that incites your efforts toward the preservation of life.—C.D.W.



Sunday, June 8th, Joel 2:18-32

"I WILL POUR OUT MY SPIRIT."—These words were written as a promise eight hundred years before the Day of Pentecost. The Holy Spirit is not just a good influence in the world, but a real Person Who is always working for our good and One who never leaves our side, so that at any moment we can ask His help. Song Book—No. 455.

Monday, June 9th, 2 Cor. 5:1-10

"WHEREFORE WE LABOR, THAT WHETHER PRESENT OR ABSENT, WE MAY BE ACCEPTED OF HIM."—For those like-minded with Paul, "to live is Christ, to die is gain."

Oh, it matters little what else we miss

If the will of God be done;
It is worth while giving up all for this,

From the dusk till the set of sun;

And the dusk brings joy when we learn the bliss

Of the Master's own "Well done." Song Book—No. 657.

Tuesday, June 10th, 2 Cor. 5:11-21

"GOD . . . HATH GIVEN TO US THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION."—Angels must envy us this glorious privilege, and wonder at the lack of eagerness and earnestness in our efforts to win men back to God. To-day let us:

Rise, girt with faith, and work for His dear sake,

And He will touch the trembling lips with fire,

And all shall work, if some must "stand and wait,"

Be theirs the wrestling prayer that will not tire.

Song Book—No. 446.

Wednesday, June 11th, 2 Cor. 6:1-10

"GIVING NO OFFENCE IN ANYTHING THAT THE MINISTRY BE NOT BLAMED."—Perhaps more people have been kept out of the Kingdom by the inconsistent lives of those who profess Salvation, than by anything else. As Salvationists, let us walk worthy of our high calling.

Thursday, June 12th, 2 Cor. 6:11-18

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS."—We all need friends, but it is most important that they should be the right kind, for unconsciously we become like those with whom we associate. Many who have made shipwreck of their lives have admitted that their failure began through forming wrong companionships. Seek only the friendship of those who will help you to become more Christlike.

Song Book—No. 760.

Friday, June 13th, 2 Cor. 7:1-16

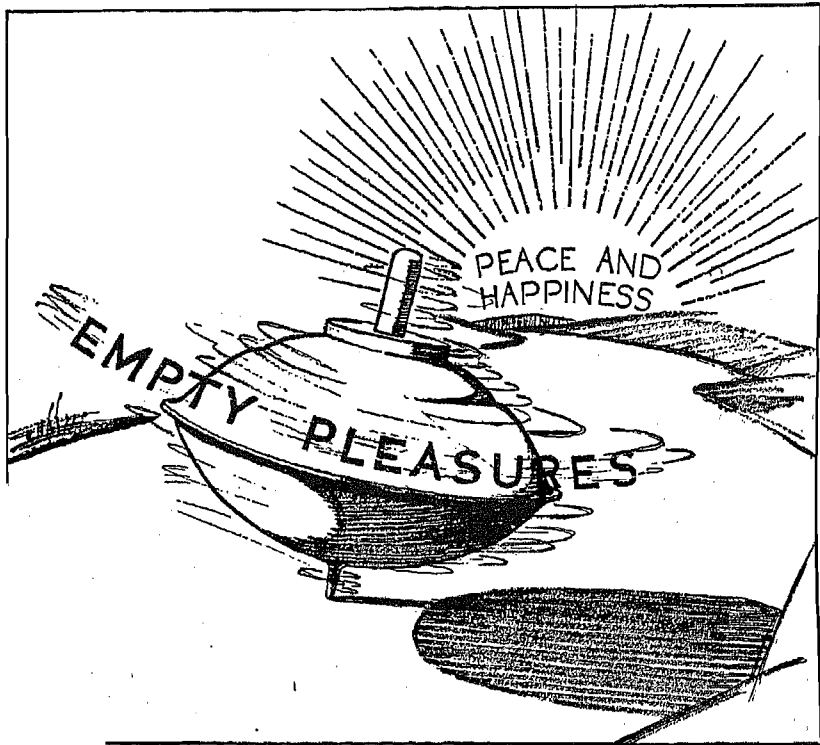
"GODLY SORROW . . . A REPENTANCE WHICH BRINGETH NO REGRETS." (R.V.)—This Godly sorrow is the outcome of the Holy Spirit's work in the soul. In the light of Calvary, sin is seen to be shameful and hateful. Willingness to confess and forsake it brings forgiveness and the new birth.

Song Book—No. 191.

Saturday, June 14th, 2 Cor. 8:1-2

"THEY . . . FIRST GAVE THEIR OWN SELVES TO THE LORD."—The gift that God most desires is the surrender of ourselves entirely to Him, as "living sacrifices." This will make all our other gifts acceptable to Him.

faults, that they may not rise up any more against me, and for the future avoid offending with all possible diligence. For if I thus judge and condemn myself, I shall not be condemned of the Lord.



'less round of empty pleasure will never carry one along the road peace and happiness. True joy is to be found in the Lord

Twelfth Century Mystic on "Excusing Our Faults"

There lived on earth a God-like holy monk, it was St. Bernard aux," said Luther. Bernard was the most prominent character of the twelfth century, of the entire ages and of the Church history. He was born in 1090, and died

deeply permeated by the feeling everything to the Grace of God resting on the working of God resting on the end of Salvation, and are to trust only in His Grace in our own works or merits. His writings consisted of hymns, epistles and theological treatises, has always been considered as the representative of Christian mysticism. The following is an excerpt from his writings:

Often, when I have set myself to make an entire confession of my faults, have I their number and guilt, in purging and amending how often, when any of them urged upon me, have I either disowned them, or cunningly hem off, or softened and disheim by artificial colors and extenuations? Nay, which than all these, how often

have I abandoned all modesty and shame and impudently defended what I ought to have blushed for, and been enraged beyond all patience to be charged with those things which my own conscience told me all the while were very just accusations?

And indeed what accusations are not just? For there is no sort of wickedness but I either actually have been, or, had I been left to my own corrupt inclinations, should most certainly have been polluted with it. And therefore it is fit that in a due sense of my abominations, and a humble reflection upon all the rest which I was naturally disposed to, I should lay my hand upon my mouth, bewail my grievous transgressions, and the misery and wrath they have justly exposed me to; seriously intend and promise a thorough reformation; take sanctuary in no trifling pretences or extenuating shifts; submit to think as ill of myself as I deserve; in a word, so demean myself with regard to past (Continued at foot of column 4)

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

No matter what other knowledge you may have, you must know yourself to be a sinner, or you will not be likely to seek Salvation. The realization that you have sinned, and that unless you find favor with God you must be lost, will help you to a proper appreciation of the value of Christ's coming into the world and dying upon the Cross as a remedy for sin.

To benefit by His death you must repent and turn from your sins and ask God for Christ's sake to forgive you for the past and help you in the future. If you do this with your whole heart, and exercise faith in Him, He will save your soul and give you the witness of the Spirit that you are born again.

I HAVE LOVED FLOWERS

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemorial scents;
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour;—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that with the pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die and are nowhere;—
My song 'be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on the bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.
—Robert Bridges.

He, who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.—Zoroaster.

JESUS!

A WISE ECONOMIST,
A GREAT PSYCHOLOGIST,
and A MIGHTY SCIENTIST

"MANY PERSONS come to me for help in a business way," says Mr. Roger W. Babson, the great statistician, in "The Toronto Star Weekly." They ask for advice as to how to get a position, or how to get their children employment. My sympathy naturally goes out to them. In practically all such cases, however, my judgment tells me that it is not sympathy they need, but religion. And they are amazed when I speak to them of the power of prayer.

"One day I had a letter from a young man. 'I am out of work,' he wrote. 'Can you help me get a job?'"

"And here is the answer I sent him: Replying to your request for help, will state that what you lack is faith, courage, initiative, and imagination. If you had these things, you could get a job. Moreover, you can get these qualities, if you will pray and work for them. As a starter, I suggest that you make this prayer three times a day for ten days:

"O God, may I remember that when You say that 'with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you,' You mean it. May I remember that I am just as sure to get rewarded if I make myself useful, as I am sure of being punished for my sins. May I no longer refuse to work because I am not paid. Until I get a job may I spend my time doing something for somebody without pay. May I start this very day to make myself useful to somebody, somewhere, somehow. The pay doesn't bother me. I know that will come, O God, if I do something to deserve it."

"You see, I believe (as Jesus did) in the psychology of prayer. If you pray for a thing, and believe that you will get it, you will get it. If that young man will repeat my little prayer for the next ten days, he will begin to have confidence in himself. He will be no longer discouraged.

And when he seeks a job, he will inspire confidence and esteem."

Contemplation of Jesus in the light of a psychologist quickly takes the mind to considering Him as a scientist. Here again Babson shows himself in a character which surprises many who have only heard of him as a statistician. Says he:

"Nature's greatest law is the law of equal reaction, first presented to the world by Jesus of Nazareth. Seventeen hundred years later Sir Isaac Newton presented it again.

"Jesus said, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you.'"

"Newton said, 'Every action is followed by an equal reaction.'"

"Newton's theory dealt with mechanics. Jesus dealt with men. He commanded us to love, that we shall also be loved. To forgive, that we may be forgiven. To trust, that we ourselves shall be trusted.

"Once, I supposed that 'loving my enemies' was simply a duty. And hence a sacrifice. I didn't want to love them. I preferred to hate them. But recent experiments have proved that the only practical way of winning and conquering them, is to make them like me. And, in order to do this, I must first like them. It is

not altogether altruistic. But then I think that Jesus was not formally an altruist. Rather a wise economist, a great psychologist, and a mighty scientist."

Business men may be amazed to find a statistician talking about religion; but everything Mr. Babson says, he believes with all his heart. And he gladly testifies that all he has he owes to religion.

"What men have, however," he says, "does not interest them. Not even health, happiness and prosperity. While we have those blessings, we do not value them. The things we want are the things we have never had."

"Maybe you think millionaires are happy. But you do not know how they long for the thing their money will not buy, how they hunger for spiritual help."

"As a cold-blooded business man, I want to stress my point again: The greatest of unused power is prayer. And the coming scientists are going to open these resources and powers."

"Maybe it won't be in our lifetime. But our grandchildren are going to benefit tremendously when the scientific world starts tapping spiritual power."

SINGER, POET and SOUL-SAVER

Sergeant Brierley Finds Useful Service in The Army's Men's Hostel in St. John

SERGEANT BRIERLEY, who, under Commandant Green, has the oversight of the Men's Hostel in St. John, N.B., is an Anglo-Saxon, and proud of it. His surname is Anglo-Saxon; his nature is Anglo-Saxon; his religion—Salvation Army. Only for the last three years or so has he been able to make the latter claim. Before that time his religion was of a rather nondescript type. But conversion wrought the change.

In his early days he was a professional singer, and travelled far and wide in pursuit of his vocation. Today he has a strong, melodious voice, and finds a channel of service for this gift from Moses in the leadership of the St. John I Songster Brigade.

Brierley is somewhat of a poet as well. The art of expressing one's mind in rhythmical and emotional language runs in the family apparently, for one of his relatives in the Old Land gained no small distinction as a poet, and the Parnassian trait bursts forth in Brother Brierley at times, his own Songster Brigade benefitting thereby.

The Sergeant recently escorted The Scribe through the spotlessly-clean Metropole at St. John, which has accommodation for seventy-six men, and serves a very real need in the seaport community. He showed him the breeze-swept dormitories, and the spacious reading-room.

"I have a Bible class with the men here," he said, as we passed through the latter room, with its comfortable chairs, table, and expanding library. "The Bible is essentially the working man's Book, and they are eager to read it when they discover how really interesting it is. After the class I issue an invitation to them to accompany me to the meeting at No. 1. I have had as many as sixteen under my wing on one occasion."

"Have you had any definite conversions?"

"Yes—take John Archie for instance. He's French and can only speak in broken English, yet every time he gives his testimony in the Open-air he creates a tremendous impression. He was of a different persuasion when he came to us; shiftless too, a typical 'floater' in

fact; would not work, almost useless. Well, he went to one of the meetings and got saved. Since then he has completely turned from his old habits!"

In the Sergeant's office we were permitted to peep at the register in which he carefully records every incident of helpfulness that comes under his observation from day to day. The St. John Social activities are not confined to the work of the Hostels, be it remembered, for the local Social store is also a valuable asset.

Here are two quotations from the Sergeant's "Log of mercy-deeds":

"Husband in hospital—little boy sold newspapers to support home—when father left hospital, Army furnished flat for them, thus giving them fresh start."

And here is incident No. 2 just picked at random from the volume:

"Box of baby's clothes given to—"
A brief entry this, to be sure, but full of significance. One need not require immense imaginative powers to read the story behind that line—prison, or a deserter; a number of children, including a babe. What a boon a box of baby's clothing would prove under such circumstances.

The Sergeant finds keen joy in keeping the register up-to-date; to him it is a living, pulsating record of the spirit of Salvationism translated into beneficent service.

THE SIGNED CHECK

God's promises are given not to restrain, but to incite to prayer. They are the signed check, made payable to order, which we must indorse and present for payment. Though the Bible be crowded with golden promises from board to board, yet they will be inoperative until we indorse them into prayer.—F. B. McMan

COMMISSIONING NIGHT!

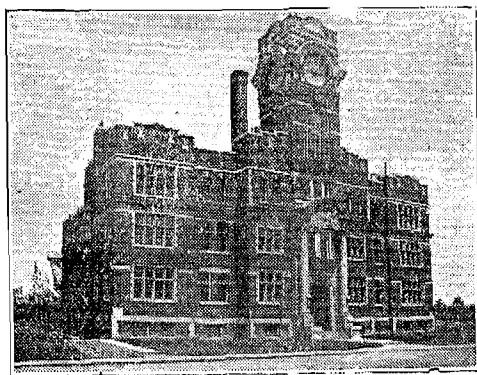
Who Can Forget the Thrill of it?

commencement of a new epoch in the lives of the consecrated men and women now in Training. The thrill of Commissioning night—who can forget it? Something spectacular in the form of a prelude is promised. Lt.-Colonel Saunders, the Training Principal, and his Staff will carry into effect certain ideas propounded by the Commissioner which are calculated to have a striking effect upon the immense gathering and at the same time deeply impress the Cadets themselves with the great purpose to which they have devoted their lives.

Relatives of Cadets would do well to get in touch at once with the Training Garrison Principal with regard to occupying seats specially reserved for them on the first balcony.

There is sure to be a "pack out" on this high peak occasion.

On the afternoon of Commissioning day an impressive Dedication Service will be conducted by the Commissioner in the Toronto Temple, commencing at 2.45.



THERE is an air of suppressed excitement noticeable in every department of the spacious Training Garrison in Toronto.

The Cadets of the "Endurance" Session have worked hard and long, submitting cheerfully to the course of intensive training in class room, lecture hall and on the Field. The rapidity with which the months seem to pass is surprising, and the development of these Officers-to-be is no less astonishing.

The last few weeks of each Session are brimful of important happenings—the final examinations, the last Spiritual day, the farewell at Field Training Corps, and the Commissioning.

The sight of the capacious Massey Hall on Cadets' Commissioning night, filled from floor to ceiling with Salvationists, is a never-fading memory to many hundreds of Salvation Army Officers, some of whom are now fighting in distant missionary fields.

Monday, June 23rd, will mark the

"What a Contrast!"

In the Midst of India's Torrid Heat There Comes to a Canadian Missionary Officer a Refreshing Memory

FROM amidst the heat of Byculia, near troubled Bombay, India, there comes a remembrance of a cold day in Canada which must have afforded the writer considerable refreshment. But what a contrast! Staff-Captain George A. Cowan, of the Willingdon Boys' Home, Byculia, is writing to an old comrade of his—Bandsman Eldon Maguire, of Ottawa I, in which Corps the Staff-Captain was a Soldier before he entered the Training Garrison. He is giving his testimony and says: "I started to love the Saviour on November 10, 1910. It was at mid-day, at my brother's bedside, just in front of the heat register from the furnace. I can see the place quite clearly in my mind now. He met me there wiping away my tears and turning my spiritual night to day. He drew me as I walked along Bank Street, Ottawa. Fancy seeing the Saviour, hanging from the cruel Cross, in the middle of busy Bank Street! Well that is how He arrested my attention on that tenth day of November. An arrow of love flew from that Cross and pierced my hard

heart. Condemnation filled my soul and I felt of all men the most miserable. The more I looked, the more condemned I felt. I wished for a place where I could meet and tell Him that I was sorry for my sins, and ask God's pardon. I hurried home, and there I poured out my heart's sorrow. I prayed with tears running down my face. He saw my tears. He heard my short prayer. Right there He came into my heart and He has never left it during all these twenty years . . .

"The love of God," he continues, "means the uttermost parts of the earth for me; sometimes in the far-off, out-of-the-way places, little villages, where white people seldom visit; holding a meeting with a handful of dark people, telling them about the great loving Saviour; showing them the life of Christ on the screen, in the quietness and stillness of the night; leading them forward to the foot of the sheet to accept Him as their Saviour. The love of God to me is wonderful! . . .

"I was greatly impressed, about four years ago, by a meeting which I do not think I shall ever forget.

After walking and riding in the hot sun, we turned in at a village about thirty-five miles back from the railway, in the jungle and hills.

We just had time to announce the meeting to be held in a certain place, out in the open field, before it became dark. In the darkness, with only the stars to guide the way, many people came across the fields, and sat down in the darkness in front of us. We had no oil, not even a candle for a light. So I decided to hold the meeting in the dark.

"We sang a few songs that we knew from memory about the wonderful love of God to sinful men. Then I told the story of Jesus and the interpreter translated it. We earnestly pleaded with them to accept the Lord as their Saviour and a number of men and women came forward and knelt down in front of us. We prayed with them, and taught them to pray; and the meeting closed with them all going off home in the darkness. It was so dark I could not see who they were. Yet in this, far out-of-the-way place in the jungle, in the dark, these dear people found the Saviour. Hallelujah!"

PROMOTED TO GLORY SISTER MRS. CONNELLY, Cobourg

With startling suddenness, there came to Sister Mrs. Connelly the summons to Higher Service. About fifteen months ago our promoted comrade and her husband began attending the meetings at the Citadel, and took an active interest in the Corps. On Sunday, January 5th, our comrade made the great decision, and from that hour gave herself up to the great work of winning others. Within two weeks at least ten souls were converted through her influence and efforts. Brother Connelly and the little family will have the prayers and sympathy of the entire Corps in their sad bereavement.

The Memorial service was conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove, the Citadel being packed to the doors, many of the comrades and friends testifying to the consistent life and holy influence of our promoted comrade.

AN A.O.V.T. ECHO

NEW LISKEARD (Captain Underhill, Lieutenant Wagner)—An interesting feature of a recent meeting was the enrolment of four Junior Soldiers; the mother of one of them was enrolled a few weeks ago. Two of these Soldiers are converts of the A.O.V.T. Campaign. All is going well and the devil is getting some opposition that he doesn't like!—"Wag."

LET US SING

HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?

"Room for Jesus," 252; S.B. 34.

Have you any room for Jesus—
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, His word obey!
Swing your heart's door widely open!
Bid Him enter while you may.

Room for pleasure, room for business;
But for Christ the Crucified—
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died!

Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "to-day" is time "accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.

Room and time now give to Jesus;
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon your heart be cold and silent,
And your Saviour's pleading cease.

HARK, THE GOSPEL NEWS!

"Take Salvation," 289; "Calcutta," 302;
S.B. 35.

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free,
Now, poor sinner,
Look to Him who died for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain!
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away:
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish,
All may live for Christ hath died.

Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fulness
We shall then forever prove.

MONTREAL DIVISION'S PROUD DISTINCTION

THE Life-Saving Scouts and Guards of the Montreal Division are very much alive to the value of being attached to such a splendid organization. Led on by the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Staff-Captain Keith, who is ably and willingly assisted by Regimental Leaders (Captain) Vey and V. O. West, of the Guards and Scouts respectively, keen

vision to Toronto the number would be thirteen, for he was one of the first four General's Scouts and Guards to be made in Montreal in 1929. Since reaching the exalted rank of General's Scouts and Guards, some of these young comrades have passed the age limit, but all are still actively engaged in Life-Saving organization work. For instance, L. Burrows, E.

troop efforts have been regularly held during the past eighteen months, among these being three Leaders' meetings; a Leaders' Training Class, covering a period of eight weeks; two united Divine Service Parades; a united Scout and Guard Demonstration; a united Scout and Guard Field Day and Open-air Rally; and a Scout and Guard Exhibition of Handicrafts



GENERAL'S SCOUTS AND GUARDS OF THE MONTREAL DIVISION

Names and Troops (back row, from left): L. Burrows, Citadel; I. Maddocks, French; E. Handley, Verdun; E. Snowden, French. (Second row): C. MacMillan, G. Gardner, V. West, R. Titcombe, and G. Pride, Citadel. (Third row): M. Handley, Verdun; M. Piche, French; Regimental-Leader (Captain) Vey, I. Burrows, Citadel

enthusiasm prevails, while "Aggression" is the watchword.

In the accompanying picture, taken a few weeks ago, will be seen some of the results of the prevailing enthusiasm—twelve General's Scouts and Guards, the largest number in any one Division in the Canada East Territory, and had not Patrol Leader C. Gillingham transferred from the Di-

vision to Toronto the number would be thirteen, for he was one of the first four General's Scouts and Guards to be made in Montreal in 1929. Since reaching the exalted rank of General's Scouts and Guards, some of these young comrades have passed the age limit, but all are still actively engaged in Life-Saving organization work. For instance, L. Burrows, E.

Handley, V. West and C. MacMillan, are acting instructors, while I. Burrows is Assistant Leader of the Montreal Citadel troop.

Every troop of Scouts and Guards in the Division has contributed to the run on proficiency Badges, and in eighteen months over 450 have been earned.

In Montreal, united as well as

and Hobbies. Mention must also be made of the usual Corps Parades, and in this connection the Belleville Troops must not be overlooked. A splendid united Scout and Guard Divine Service was held in October when the troops marched the streets forty-nine strong. The interest of the Divisional Commander in the Life-Saving organizations is well known.

The following excerpt culled from a missionary's letter which appeared recently in "The Burning Bush," an American evangelistic publication, will be of interest to Canadian readers:

"We left here three weeks ago tomorrow and got back last Friday

"Thank God for Real Salvation!"

night. We took the car and went down the coast to Accra, which is quite a large town in this country. We stayed with some Canadian missionaries for two nights. They came from Toronto, Ont., and belong to The

Salvation Army. They were very kind to us. Thank God, tonight, for real Salvation!"

It will at once be obvious to many readers that the "Canadian missionaries" were Adjutant and Mrs. Ashby, who are stationed at Accra, Gold Coast, British West Africa.

THE ARMY'S UNCEASING MESSAGE TO THE WORLD IS—

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN"

MOTHERS TAKE PART NEW SOLDIERS TESTIFY

A Substantial Increase

EAST TORONTO (Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)—In the morning meeting on Mothers' Day the young women of the Corps sang unitedly and took part in the meeting. Many comrades were glad to take the opportunity of paying tribute to godly mothers and thanking God for their heritage. In the afternoon the Young People gave a pleasing program, over which Bandsman Kemp, who for a considerable period was our Young People's Sergeant-Major but was compelled recently to relinquish this position because of other duties, presided.

At night Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Saunders was in charge and was assisted by the mothers of the Corps. Sisters Mrs. F. Turner and Mrs. Tuck spoke and a duet was rendered by Sisters Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Cartwright. Even the announcements were given by a mother, Sister Mrs. Payne. Mrs. Saunders gave a splendid address. On Monday evening a Lantern service entitled "Mother and Children of other Lands," was given.

The following Sunday the Self-Denial Altar service was held and a substantial increase was made over the previous year.

Major Beer, Ensigns Green, Tiffin and Wood visited us on Monday night and gave a splendid program of music and song. Colonel Jacobs presided. Brigadier Easton accompanied at the piano and also rendered two piano-forte solos.

THREE CAPTURES

MONTREAL SOCIAL CORPS (Captain Hartas, Lieutenant Carey)—For a week previous to Mothers' Day our Young People's Record Sergeant was kept busy writing and sending invitations to the mothers of the children of our Company meeting, inviting them to attend the special Mothers' Day service, which was held in the Hall.

At seven o'clock on Sunday those who had worked so hard preparing these invitations were well rewarded by having a crowded Hall. Mrs. Major McElhiney was in charge of this service. Mrs. McElhiney gave a short talk to the children, and then spoke to the mothers. During the service Mrs. McElhiney gave each mother a flower. We finished up with three seekers at the Mercy-seat.

SELF-DENIAL LAUNCHED

Mayor Presides at Inauguration of Chatham's Effort

The Self-Denial drive was launched in Chatham, Ont., recently, with the endorsement of civic authorities as well as the religious leaders of the city. The Campaign was opened with a mass meeting in the Victoria School auditorium, presided over by Mayor B. L. Bedford. Associated with him were many city officials, as well as representatives of the various religious denominations.

A varied program was followed by Commandant Hurd's interesting lecture: "The Light that has never failed."

The Rev. B. H. Robinson, pastor of Park Street Church, declared the sympathy of church people with The Army's efforts, and Bandsman Blake, on behalf of the Corps, expressed thanks to Mayor Bedford and the various comrades who had assisted.

Young Folk Saved

AURORA (Ensign Clague, Captain Clague)—Recently we were visited by Captain and Cadet Turner. The meetings were of blessing. At night four young people found Jesus.

On Mothers' Day we had with us Brigadier Bloss. We had special singing by the Young People, and roses were given to those present in the night meeting in remembrance of mother.

On Monday night a very interesting program was given by the Young People. On Sunday last Staff-Captain Wright spent the day with us. In the afternoon our Home Company united with us for our Company meeting. The Staff-Captain led the successful Young People's Altar service.

In the night meeting Young People's locals spoke; ringing testimonies were given by the two comrades recently enrolled as Soldiers.

THROUGH the HOME LEAGUE

ROWNTREE (Ensign Greatrix, Captain Parsons)—On Sunday we had Adjutant Bobbitt with us all day, and Adjutant Thompson in the morning and afternoon. Adjutant Bobbitt gave very interesting and inspiring talks. In the afternoon, dressed in her Indian costume, the Adjutant led a march through several nearby streets and there followed in the Citadel a very interesting lecture on her work in India.

The Salvation meeting closed with two sisters, who have been regular attendants at the Home League, kneeling at the Cross.—E.M.

SPLENDID PROGRESS

Eighty Seekers Recently

GLACE BAY (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)—During the past eleven months there have been some eighty seekers at the Mercy-seat for Salvation and re consecration, for which we praise God; some amongst the number have been backsliders for ten, twelve and fifteen years.

Some twenty names have been added to the Soldiers' Roll, the largest increase for many years. The Young People's work has been put upon a splendidly organized basis, and there has been an increase of five Companies; forty Young People's workers have been commissioned and a Young People's Sergeant-Major, Brother J. Stobart, has been commissioned; this office was vacant for many years.

Chum and Sunbeam Brigades have been organized, and a Sunday night Salvation meeting for the young folk brought into being.

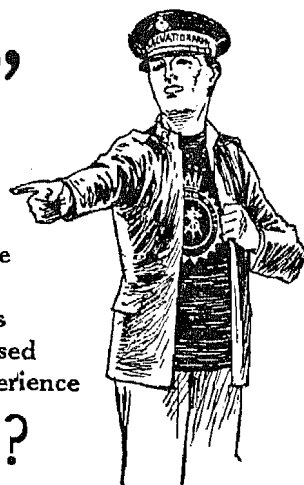
Despite a rather difficult Winter in respect to employment the increase in Cartridges has been very gratifying. Changes in time of meetings, etc., are working out satisfactorily.

The Band, under Bandmaster Fernihough, has held its own, and is putting on a very ambitious instrument scheme this summer for approximately \$1,000.

We had with us on Sunday our Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier Knight, who spent a busy day visiting all sections of the Corps, and conducting services. The Brigadier presided over the commissioning of Locals for the various branches of the Corps. Two persons were saved at night.

Have
You
This
Blessed
Experience

?



A PERIOD OF SOUL-FEASTING

Is Spiritual Day at the Training Garrison

A spiritual day at the Training Garrison is, in a very real sense, a day of communion with God. The duties of the ordinary day are cast aside, while the Principal and the members of his Staff bend every effort to co-operate with the Holy Spirit in bringing the Cadets nearer to God. The spiritual feast on Tuesday last was no exception in this respect.

In the morning session Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Saunders led in the reading of the Guide, and as usual, her comments were most helpful. Ensign Dunkley, Captain Gennery, and Ensign MacGillivray also spoke during this session, and their messages were full of inspiration. Lt.-Colonel Saunders was the chief speaker of the morning, and his address contained a veritable mine of instruction, advice and encouragement.

In the afternoon the Cadet-Sergeants of the Session were called upon to speak, and they had little difficulty in engaging the interest and attention of the Cadets. This gathering was augmented by the presence of Adjutant Bobbitt, who is furloughing in Canada, after an absence of eight years spent on missionary service in India. Her account of the customs and practices of the devil-worshippers was particularly interesting. Staff-Captain Ham was the last speaker of the afternoon session. With great emphasis, he appealed to the Cadets to exhibit the same spirit of steadfastness and sacrifice manifested in the lives of those missionaries whom Adjutant Bobbitt so splendidly represented.

In the evening Colonel Saunders presented potent spiritual lessons from a tiny object of the natural world. Heart-searching talks by Major Raven and Staff-Captain Hay preceded the Colonel's address. During the day the Staff-Captain also rendered a number of vocal solos, in her usual effective manner. Throughout the day the speaking was interspersed by soulful singing of songs and choruses, well-chosen by the Colonel, and frequent, fervent periods of prayer. It was truly a day of soul-feasting.—"Cadet."

ARMY FRIEND PASSES

COBourg (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)—Very unexpected was the Call which came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Burch on Monday, May 12th, when Mr. Burch, one of our warm-hearted and faithful adherents answered the Home summons. Mr. Burch was a son-in-law of Cobourg's wonderful woman warrior, "Granny" Beare. The Funeral service was conducted at the home by Commandant Hargrove and was largely attended, testifying to the high esteem in which the family is held. Just previous to our friend's passing, when asked by the Commandant if all was well with his soul, he replied, "It is well."



and

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

on the

TRAINING GARRISON LAWNS

(Davisville Avenue, Toronto)

Mrs. Commissioner Hay

Will Conduct the Opening Ceremony

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 14th
PROGRAM

at 3 p.m.

DISPLAY BY LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS AND GUARDS
SUNBEAMS AND PRIMARY CLASS CHILDREN

at 7.30 p.m.

RIVERDALE CITADEL BAND IN CONJUNCTION WITH
EARLS COURT CITADEL SONGSTERS—A SPARKLING
PROGRAM OF MUSIC AND SONG

at 8.45 p.m.

IN AUDITORIUM

PICTORIAL PRESENTATION of the OUTSTANDING
FEATURES of the

GOLDEN JUBILEE CONGRESS

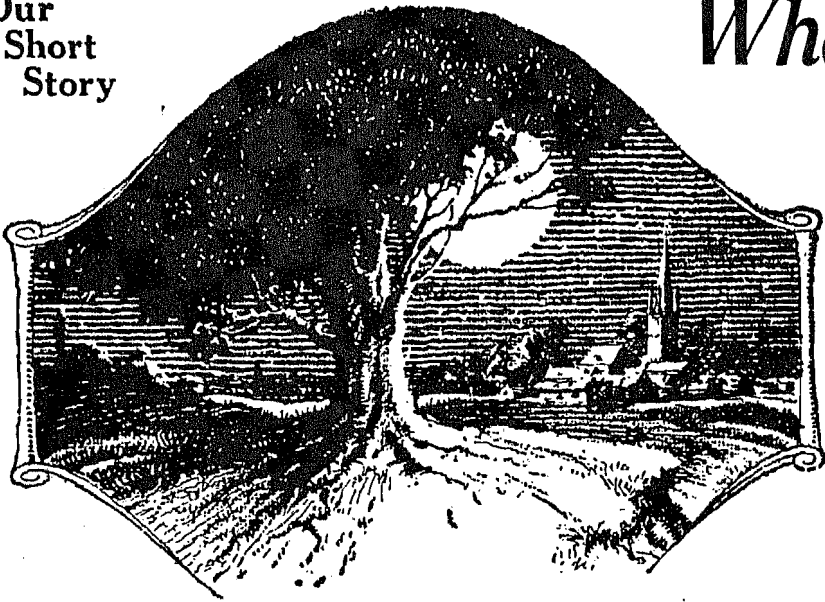
(New York)

150 Beautifully-Colored Lantern Slides Relating to the Many and Varied
Activities of The Salvation Army in the U.S.A.

The Peterboro Songster Brigade
will visit

DOVERCOURT

On the week-end of June 21-22.
Keep these dates open.

Our
Short
Story

What Did the Moon See?

For a moment the density of the little pool of gloom on the bridge was strangely agitated, throwing off wierd emanations, as of shooting ink-streams, which instantaneously returned to the parent pool

SERENELY riding the mid-night sky, coldly remote, icily splendid, the moon looked down upon a world so still — the world as it was represented by Estonville — that it might have been as void of life as are the lunar domains above. Never a cat was stirring; not a policeman could be seen; all was still, ghostly still.

All of a sudden the placid silvery rays picked out a swiftly-moving figure—really it was the flight of the shadow cast by the figure which drew attention—and a second movement, even speedier than the first, quickly following, was eventually merged in the shadow of the former.

This juncture was effected just where the footbridge made a curving stroke of black, as if a reaping-hook had been thrown across the shining streak of the river.

For a moment the density of the little pool of gloom on the bridge was strangely agitated, throwing off wierd emanations, as of shooting ink-streams, which, however, instantaneously returned to the parent pool. Then the agitation ceased for a moment and, when next it moved, it was in the direction whence the two shadows had emerged. Soon the moon could find nothing animate to dignify with a darksome frown, for the figures had been absorbed by the deeper darkness from which they had emanated, and again all was still.

How little the moon saw, after all; but what a story could be told of all that led up to the hidden happenings of that night! Let me outline it as quickly as possible.

Estonville, as our picture shows, boasted a high-steeped church; it also accommodated several other places of worship. But when, in fulness of time, many years ago, a family of Salvationists had moved into the little town, there were not wanting those who said there was no room for another meeting-place, and certainly no call for the ministrations of The Army with the Blood and Fire Flag. They could not tolerate the thought of a noisy drum, those quiet-living Estonvillians, and the blare of a badly-played brass cornet was, even in prospect, a horror unspeakable.

No Knowing

Only one family, mark you, and before they had been in the town three days the neighbors were talking in just that fashion. By Saturday night the news had spread afar that a Salvation family had arrived. If they lived up to the reputation of such folks in other towns then there was no knowing what would happen in Estonville. But Saturday night was rainy in the extreme, and those hardy spirits who had braved the elements, kept a keen look-out to see what might be initiated by the Salvationists. Why they should expect Saturday night to witness the in-

auguration of the flamboyant effort none stopped to think.

"Look, there he is," young Gus Harris exclaimed, excitedly tugging at Big Bill Arling's sleeve. "Look, over by the Market Hall! See his cap with the red on it?" Big Bill both saw and resented that red-banded cap and its wearer; he felt much as the Andalusian bull is supposed to feel at the sight of the red flag in the hands of the matador.

"Let's go over," he growled and, accompanied by two or three kindred spirits, he went across to the Salvationist who was viewing the locality as if with an eye to eventualities.

"You thinking of setting up in business in these parts, stranger?" said Bill, scowling upon the middle-aged man who wore The Army cap.

"Always in business," was the smiling reply. "Why, have you any objection?" That was carrying war into the enemy's camp with a vengeance; but George Calton was used to the enemy as he knew him and was quite unafraid.

Into the Puddle

"Certainly have." Bill's growl was deeper than ever. "You'd better keep out of here. Nobody wants you."

"May I make the suggestion that many people may need my kind of business?" Bill knew that he had no chance in a wordy encounter and, seeing red, he resorted to action. Snatching the offending cap from the head of the Salvationist, he dashed it into a puddle, as he roared:

"Just try any of your capers here, stranger, and we'll do the same for you as for your cap; only it's into the river you'll go!"

Now that action on the part of Big Bill thoroughly spoiled any plans that the enemy, for whom he considered himself working, might have wished to put into operation. A group of onlookers took Bill in hand threatening all manner of dire punishment if he molested The Salvation Army man further, and when, on the Sunday evening, which was fine, George Calton, his wife, a son and a daughter with a violin, appeared on the steps of the Market Hall to conduct the first Army meeting in the very little town, there was no hint of interruption.

Twenty years went by bringing with them the steeped church and much else, including an Army Corps, which had its own Hall and a small Band, of which young Gus Harris was now the Bandmaster. George Calton, as the Corps Sergeant-Major, was a highly-respected veteran. His family mostly occupied positions as Local Officers. The girl who had played the violin was now Mrs. Gus. But Big Bill Arling, what had become of him? The big drummer, by any chance?

No. A regular attendant at the Sunday night meeting and occasionally in the week; an unfailing member of the crowd gathered before the

Market Hall on Saturday nights, when the Corps holds its open-air meetings. Bill had kept aloof from any reference to personal religion. He had given of his money, when it pleased him, in support of the Corps; at Self-Denial times he had elicited funds from his pals, leading the way with his own donation; he had collected the money which had paid for the Flag which gaily floated at the head of the little procession as it wended its way to the Hall; but, though appealed to a thousand times, Bill had always turned away unscathed by the fires of conviction.

Blacksmith's Dog

"A regular old blacksmith's dog," Bandmaster Gus, had dubbed him. "Never a spark from God's anvil seems to sting his tough hide."

But Gus was wrong, for Bill was stung and seriously, too. It began to happen on a Saturday night, when it rained. The open-air meeting was about to start, and as Sergeant-Major Calton arrived he said to Bill, who leaned against a post under the Market Hall porch, "Just another such night as this Bill, eh? I've got that old cap at home. I often look at it and I wonder why you don't get saved!"

In that instant Bill was "shot." He saw the scene of two decades ago; he felt a surge of shame; he turned away, like a bear biting at a bullet-wound in his shoulder. How it rankled! That night in the Hall, during Sunday without missing a meeting, through the week, Bill was "in a fine pickle." The Captain took the case in hand and followed the stricken fellow from point to point. Presently he began to fear for the man's reason. Never too well balanced, and

without self-discipline, he was now nearing the danger line.

"You and I must fight this thing out to-night, Bill," said the Captain one night. "I'm coming to your house to see it through," and he linked arms with the lonely man and escorted him home. There, while the hours passed, he prayed, but midnight arrived with no sign of victory. Mrs. Arling called the Captain from the room to beg that he would desist.

"It's no use, Captain, you've done your part, more than mortal man could expect. But you must leave him now or you'll make yourself ill."

"I could die for him, if that would ensure his Salvation," the Captain answered. Just at that moment they heard a door slam.

"He's bolted!" cried the Captain. "I'll go and get him. You stay here and pray." Out into the moonlight raced the Salvationist and along the silent street. Straight to the river coursed the demented Bill, a great ungainly fellow; with the lithe young Captain in close pursuit. As our introduction showed, "the Salvationist caught him ere yet he could mount the railing, and a brief struggle sufficed to overcome the already exhausted, would-be suicide. Back to his home, a strangely and suddenly-subdued figure, Bill went, and, arrived there, dropped to his knees crying to God for mercy.

A different Look

He rose a new creature. There was a different look in his eyes; a great calm sat upon him, giving him an unwonted dignity which has never left him. Bill, a prominent figure in the Corps at Estonville to-day, often refers, in his testimony, to the struggle that the moon saw.

WARWICK L. WALL.

THE CAPTURE OF Y3—

WE were waiting in Sydney for a bus to carry us to the Western Suburb's Cemetery, when a stylishly-dressed old gentleman, attracted by our uniforms, approached and asked the location of the nearest Salvation Army Officer's residence, as he desired to forward a consignment of clothes for the poor. He became communicative, and informed us that for a considerable period he had been an admirer and supporter of The Army, and this is how it all commenced:

Many years ago I was the police magistrate at C—. Amongst the characters well known to the police and myself was a man named Y3. He had been convicted a number of times for petty thieving, and on several occasions had been charged with cattle stealing, but so ingenious were his movements, and so clever his defence, that he escaped conviction, though the authorities believed he was deeply implicated. One evening I had ridden into town from my residence to dispatch some telegrams. The business through, I walked out of the post office and noticed, close by, a little band of enthusiastic Salvationists. In the centre of the group,

and addressing the crowd, was a man whose appearance seemed rather familiar to me.

He looked like—, and yet I could not believe that he could be the thieving ne-er-do-well—the town nuisance. Under the hotel veranda close by stood the police-sergeant. I walked across to him and said: "Sergeant, surely that cannot be —!" "Yes," replied the sergeant, "that's him all right. Over a month ago he went to The Army's Penitentiary; since then we've been watching him closely, and every member of the force is compelled to recognize that he is making a brave fight to earn an honest living."

The retired magistrate concluded his story in this fashion: "I lived in that town long enough to see—, the ex-thief, become a prosperous business man, respected and admired by the very people who once shunned him. So whenever I see the uniform of a Salvationist, I am reminded that it represents a tremendous body of people whose chief mission in life is to go about doing good.—From 'The War Cry,' Australia East.

"SUCH A CROWD AND SUCH A TIME!"

A CATCH OF FISHERMEN—NATIVE CHIEF WHO "OPENED FIRE"—RUM FOR THE SPIRITS—A BIG HAUL

ADJUTANT ASHBY, Divisional Commander for the Gold Coast, has paid interesting visits to several Corps in his command. At Appam, Captain Owusu and his comrades did all in their power to make the visit a real success. For the first meeting, the Hall was well filled. Nearly all of those who attended were fisherfolk and the Adjutant held their attention by speaking to them of fishermen of the Bible. We rejoiced at the close to see eight fishermen, and a woman seeking Salvation. It was a wonderful meeting. The next day we bombarded the town by holding small Open-air meetings; good work was done.

At Agona Swedru, Envoy Addo had planned for the Societies to be visited first. The Adjutant, with an Officer who accompanied him, set out early by car for Ndeblhine. They travelled about ten miles by road and then came to a deep river where they had to find a boat to take them across. Then followed a long walk through the bush. The aged Envoy plodded ahead, praising God that he was able to often call at this Society and do some work for Jesus.

The Chief of Ndeblhine is a Salvationist and really commenced Army work here. He went to Duakwa, some three or four years ago on business, and whilst there attended an Army meeting at the mother Corps, and found Salvation. On his return he at once started to hold meetings in his own village. There is now a live Army Corps there.

On the way through the bush the campaigners passed a fetish location where small mounds are made in honor of those who died in that faith. Each year they pour rum on the mounds thinking this will feed the spirits that still dwell there. But right in the midst of it all is the dear old Flag. A good meeting was held here and a number of comrades who had accepted Christ were dedicated.

On arrival at Agona Swedru, the specials at once started a lively Open-

air meeting on the very spot where the first Army Open-air meeting was held on the Gold Coast. Such a crowd and such a time! Captain Dudoo, the Adjutant's companion, was just as happy as any man present. At all the Open-air meetings in Swedru special prayer was offered for the sick. A number of dedications took place here and during the Sunday afternoon Envoy Addo took the Adjutant to a leper who had accepted Christ and wanted to be dedicated. This was a very touching sight. The poor fellow appreciated this visit very much. There were ninety-six souls for the week-end.

A PACKET OF NOTES

A South American's Practical Way of Saying "Thank You!"

He usually arrives at the Buenos Ayres Headquarters at Christmas time, but he was missing on the last occasion and only recently put in an appearance. Tall, erect, well-dressed, he merely said that, having been out of town at Christmastime, he would like to make a donation now, and he produced a packet of notes to the amount of 100 pesos. (Of the same significance as a fifty dollar bill) The name? That didn't matter. Who was he?—Oh, just some one who, years ago, had found three nights' shelter in an Army "Asilo," and since has made good, and bought his own house, now shared by his wife and a darling child.

This Christmas-box of his is by way of saying "Thank you," and "Now do it again for somebody else!"

There's not enough darkness in the whole world to blot out the light of one small candle.



Some Kiluyu women. Types of the people whom The Army is winning for God in Kenya Colony

NAIROBI'S FIRST DEDICATION SERVICE

In the Light of the Tropical Sun Three Dark Jewels are Presented to God

TO EUROPEANS hailing from the homeland where white faces are so numerous, and the run of Salvation Army life is so apt to become too familiar, there was given the strange joy of witnessing the first dedication in Kenya Colony, three dark jewels being given back to God, in Nairobi, in a service which was as simple as it was full of interest.

Unknown to the Officers, the natives had tastefully decorated the Hall with palms and flowers, arranging them in arches above the platform, making the Hall look very bright and pretty. Seeing that this was the first service of this order, the news was rapidly spread round the villages and the curiosity manifested was keen. Days beforehand the topic was the dedication, and when the day came we entered to find the Hall nicely filled. In the light of the tropical sun the scene looked particularly charming. Arranged on the platform were the mothers with their charges, who, after the opening ceremonies, were brought to the front, while the service of The Salvation Army dedication was set forth, with explanations showing the reasons and the objects of the same in a simple, yet effective way.

The Flag Sergeant came forward with the beloved Colors, and holding them above the gathered group added yet another touch of charm to the scene of beauty. Taking the children one by one the Officer gave a word of counsel and encouragement to the parents, then, naming the child according to the parents' wish, she committed each one to God's care, giving them back to the Lord to be used for His Glory. A European lady

who had come to the native service for the first time, admitted that the service had really done her good. We drew to a close with a number coming forward to seek Salvation.—J.M.

"THE SOUL-SAVING RELIGION"

A Fiery Testimony Meeting on the Equator

A recent Sunday service in Nairobi, though intended to be a strict Salvation meeting, turned into a fiery testimony gathering, when comrades jumped up two and three at a time eager to tell of their experience. One girl, a promising case for the future, told of how her parents struck her because she visited the Salvation Army, "but," said she, "they will have to beat me. I cannot stay away from The Army." Another told how, a week before, he had knelt at the drumhead and had found God. "When I was away in the plantations far away from here," said he, "I heard about the Soul-saving religion that had come to Kenya, and made up my mind that I would seek out this people as soon as I got a chance. That chance came last Sunday, my comrades; I found the Lord, and today I am happy in His service."

Thus the meeting went on, full of fire and liberty, and it was not until a few minutes before closing that they were able to give the message. That testimony meeting did good and at the close a number came forward to be made truly happy with the happiness of God.—J.M.

'TWIXT TWO CONTINENTS

Work in Panama Republic Difficult but Successful — One Service Extends Over Seventeen Hours

A PEEP at a little-known field of Army activity is afforded by a letter from Mrs. Adjutant Norberg, which has come to hand from Ancon in the Republic of Panama.

Says this comrade: "We were very happy in Canada, but when we were asked by International Headquarters to go to Panama we gladly accepted our orders. The field here is rather hard, but we have had a real successful time lately. The feeling of dislike which here exists against people of other nations took us some months to break down. But we have won our way and God is blessing our work in a wonderful manner."

"On Good Friday we started our meeting at five o'clock in the morning and kept on until ten o'clock at night; seventeen hours without a break;

not even did we stop at meal times. Everybody fasted throughout the day. It was the most wonderful meeting I have ever been in; twenty-one surrenders were registered during the day.

"On Easter Sunday we had an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and at night fourteen souls sought Salvation. The Lord is good. He knows the tears that have been shed, the hours spent in prayer, on behalf of these people.

"The Adjutant gets along splendidly with the folk in these parts . . . We have our times of loneliness and would like to see our comrades in Canada occasionally, but we mean to be true to the original 'Dauntless' session, and be loyal to the end."



An Officer with other zealous comrades en route to conduct meetings in a mountain village Corps in Italy



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,
James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

To be Brigadier:
MAJOR HAROLD RITCHIE.

To be Major:
STAFF-CAPTAIN JOHN WRIGHT.

To be Staff-Captain:
Adjutant May Ellery.

To be Adjutant:
Ensign Florence MacGillivray,
Ensign Ernest Green,
Ensign Fergus Watkin.

Retirement from Active Service—

COLONEL RICHARD ABBY, out from High Wycombe, 1884; last appointment, Territorial Young People's Secretary, Canada East; Mrs. Abby (nee Lieutenant Gertrude Glines), out from Birmingham, 1893. On May 30th, 1930.

COLONEL ROBERT HARGRAVE, out from Chelsea, 1887; last appointment, Property Secretary, Canada East; Mrs. Hargrave (nee Captain Lizzie Beatty), out from Bethnal Green, 1879. On May 30th, 1930.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

IMPORTANT TERRITORIAL CHANGES

Movements of Headquarters Officers and Divisional and Training Garrison Staff

Our readers will be interested in the following appointments which the Commissioner has announced just prior to our going to press. The changes will take effect, for the greater part, on July 3rd, but in some instances they will become operative during June.

Of the Territorial Headquarters Staff, the Officers affected are:—Brigadier Calvert, Trade Secretary, to be Property Secretary; Major Sparks, Assistant Territorial Young People's Secretary, to be Trade Secretary; Major Spooner, Divisional Commander of the Windsor Division, to be Territorial Young People's Secretary and Candidates' Secretary; Major J. Wright, Divisional Young People's Secretary, Toronto West Division, to be Property Inspector, Territorial Headquarters; Staff-Captain Porter, to be Assistant Property Secretary and Secretary to the Property Board; Staff-Captain T. Mundy, of Canada West, to be Private Secretary to Commissioner Hay.

The newly-placed Divisional Commanders are:—Brigadier Burton, London Division, to take command of the Ottawa Division; Major Bristow, of Territorial Headquarters, to be Divisional Commander of the Sydney Division; Major Best, of Ottawa Division, to take command of the London Division; Staff-Captain Ham, of the Training Garrison, to be Divisional Commander at Windsor; Staff-Captain Riches, Divisional Young People's Secretary, at Hamilton, to be Divisional Commander of the St. John Division.

The following Young People's Secretaries have been appointed:—Staff-Captain Ellery, to St. John Division; Staff-Captain Wilson, to the Hamilton Division; Staff-Captain Ursaki, to the Montreal Division; Adjutant Green, to the Toronto West Division; Ensign Stevenson, to the Windsor Division.

Staff-Captain Keith, Divisional Young People's Secretary, at Montreal, is to be Chief Side Officer on the Men's side of the Training Garrison.

Let us pray that the blessing of God may attend these comrades as they take up their new duties.

"JUST WHERE HE WANTED THEM"

THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts His First Council with Bandsmen of the Canada East Territory—Mrs. Hay's Message to the Heart

THE Bandsmen's Council which the Commissioner conducted in the Victoria Hall, Toronto, on Sunday, was by general agreement, the most impressive of such gatherings held in the Queen City for many years. How could it be otherwise? The Territorial Commander, as an inevitable result of a lifetime of interested study of Army Bandsmen, is an expert in matters pertaining to the musicians leading the Blood and Fire forces to victory. Beginning as a Bandsman himself, and continuing to be associated with Headquarters' efforts for aiding, moulding and disciplining the ambitions of our ever-growing Army of Salvation-sound-purveyors, he brought to this, the first such Council which he had essayed in the Canada East Territory, a wide knowledge, a sympathetic understanding and a well-developed idea of what he wished Army Bandsmen to be and to do.

They Knew He Knew

Thus it was that every step he took during the day was over ground well-covered and he was accompanied from point to point by the thoughtful audience hanging, wrapt in deepest interest, on his words. Practicality was written upon every sentence, and those hard-headed listeners nodded in meditative silence, or occasionally broke out into spontaneous applause to register endorsement; but all the way they recognized that the Council was informative, educative and inspirational to a high degree. The Commissioner spoke with authority—he knew; and they knew it was so!

For full-souled singing of that variety which "shakes" the listener suddenly and without escape, commend us to a gathering of Army Bandsmen. Something of their training in sound-production, per the medium of brass instruments, plus pent-up desire for vocal expression when they have been inspiring others by their accompaniments, plus the joy of the moment, plus the longing, the urge of the occasion, leaps forth with tremendously moving effect, as the men, throwing wide their shoulders, and lifting their faces as well as their hearts towards High Heaven, pour out the undeniable emotions of souls tuned to sound aloud the glory of God.

As the morning session got "under way," launched down the "slipway" of the preliminaries, there broke out at the Commissioner's word, and in wonderful fulness, that compelling chorus: "Praise Him with melody, praise Him with song."

"Shall we change one word in the next line?" suggested the Territorial Commander, having reached that point in reciting the poem, "Make it 'Serve' Him in Holiness, all the day long." They "made it" all right. Wonderful! Glorious! It was a feast in itself. Hallelujah! And from that moment throughout the whole of the day the Commissioner had that seriously-intentioned gathering of Bandsmen "just where he wanted them."

Forward and Upward

Maybe it was a review of the earliest Bandsmen's Councils, with General Bramwell Booth contributing masterly guidance, or a reference to Army progress in the Canada East Territory, or a hurried sketch of the New York Jubilee Congress, or a word regarding the prospects for the next Toronto Congress; or, again, the actual close-grip consideration of the problems, necessities and doings of Army Bandsmen, but throughout, the

Commissioner, guided by the Holy Spirit, led the Soul of each Session as it moved forward and upward.

Yearning characterized the opening song which Colonel Henry conducted, pleading accompanied Brigadier Calvert's prayer, emotions were stirred by the choruses which Colonel Abby piloted and deep feeling surged up with the appeals voiced by Colonel Morehen. Mrs. Commissioner Hay's closing prayer was a climactic Benediction.

It was not difficult to gauge the Bandsmen's opinion of the morning session. The spontaneity of the opening song in the afternoon was not at all a bad index, nor were the fervent responses evoked by the prayers of Lt.-Colonel Attwell and Staff-Captain Coles, nor the keyed-up expression on the faces, nor the alert attention given the Commissioner, when, in introducing Lt.-Colonel McAmmond to read the Scriptures, he discoursed profitably on the advisability of Bands forming guilds for the express purpose of public Scripture reading.

The afternoon session was generously sprinkled with such counsel, calculated to develop the efficiency of our Bands, and our Bandsmen in particular.

Bandsmen love diversity. Nothing delights your ambitious "man of brass," more than mastering the latest journals, or exploring the delights of a little-used Band Book tune, or in hearing a Bible narrative presented in a new light.

This fondness for variety was fully gratified.

Colonel Henry was the first speaker on the slate. His theme was of unusual interest, bearing as it did upon the much-misunderstood and often misinterpreted Orders and Regulations as they affect Bands. The Chief Secretary handled his subject admirably, his remarks revealing that he had made a careful analysis, and his sound logic made it patent that Regulations should not be considered a vehicle of correction so much as of guidance. The Colonel was emphatic in expressing his belief that the more a Bands' activities approximated to the Regulations the more permanently successful they were. These views won and received the hearty endorsement of the entire audience.

More Generous Support

Considerable mirth was provoked by certain pertinent observations expressed by the Field Secretary in his unique style. The moral, however, was not lost upon the men as the Colonel appealed for more generous support of the Commanding Officer in all the functions of the Corps.

The introduction of Brigadier Hawkins, Editor-in-Chief, was hailed with especial interest, in view of the fact that he is a comparatively recent contribution to Canada's musical fraternity. His ardent leadership of the West Toronto Band—the members of which were especially noticeable among their comrades by reason of their grey summer uniforms—provided additional interest. "The Bandmaster" formed the pivot of his racy address, into which was injected a wealth of spicy allusions, both personal and general, concerning "the boss," as he termed the Bandmaster. He urged the necessity for enthusiasm and vision, especially where the Young People's work is at stake, and particularly sounded a call for the co-operation of the Bandsmen, so that the Bandmaster may achieve success as a spiritual leader.

Colonel Abby had the last innings of the afternoon. He addressed himself with customary vigor to the

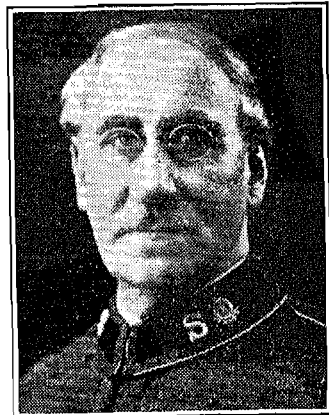
(Continued on page 13)

GOOD-BYE AUSTRALIA

After Commanding Both Territories Commissioner Hugh Whatmore Farewells from Melbourne

THE farewell to Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore and the Easter Congress Campaign made Melbourne's Exhibition Building a scene of intense Salvation activity.

Over thirty thousand persons attended the Good Friday and Easter Meetings, which were of a deeply spiritual character and splendidly varied. One hundred and thirty-five Converts were registered. Commissioner Wilson proved to be a most acceptable speaker, and his happy comradeship was most helpful in all



Commissioner Whatmore

engagements. He expressed himself as deeply moved and favorably impressed with all he saw. Colonel Oram, farewelling Chief Secretary, also took a very active part in the gatherings.

The final meetings took the form of a public farewell to the Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore. In addition to glowing tributes from representative Staff Officers, messages of regret at the departure and appreciation of services rendered were received from, among others, the Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, the State Governor, Lord Somers, the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, Sir William Irvine, and many other representative citizens.

The messages from the General, Commander Evangeline Booth, and Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie, called forth storms of applause.

As in the Congress gatherings in other State centres, the public and Salvationists evidenced their deep affection and admiration for the farewelling Leaders, who gave inspiring messages and shared in the strenuously-contested Prayer-battles. It was plainly evident to the last that spiritual results were to them the only matters of importance.

A brief message from Major Wilbey, of Burma, states that there is cause for great gratitude because no Salvationists, nor Army property, has been affected by the earthquake shocks reported from Rangoon.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 100 MINUTES

A Unique Travelogue illustrated by lantern slides, depicting

CADETS IN MANY LANDS

Music by Training Garrison Officers and Cadets

LT.-COLONEL F. H. SAUNDERS will preside

Monday, June 9th, Parliament Street
Monday, June 16th, Toronto 1
Wednesday, June 18th, West Toronto

Tag Day Stir-up

THE CHIEF SECRETARY Conducts a Brief Council With Toronto Officers

"We have faith for the victory, for our Captain's near."

The inspiration of these words will long remain with the Officers of the Toronto East and West Divisions, who gathered at the Territorial Headquarters on Friday morning for a Council with the Chief Secretary, Colonel Henry. The purpose of the occasion was to make plans, and to gain inspiration for the coming Tag Day.

Colonel Henry, after speaking heartening words of encouragement, introduced the Tag Day Commander, Staff-Captain Ritchie, and expressed the desire that all Officers should co-operate with the Staff-Captain in order to make the Effort a success.

Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, who remarked that he had been in every year's Tag Day since they commenced, gave a few notes from his own experience of former efforts.

Brigadier Harold Ritchie assured the Chief Secretary of their best efforts for this year. Colonel Morehen, the Field Secretary, was the last speaker. In his own enthusiastic way, he stressed the need of preparation, and expressed high hopes for the 1930 Tag Day.

THE CHANCELLOR'S HEALTH

A Much-Needed Furlough

We are sorry to inform our readers that the health of Commissioner Laurie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the International Headquarters, which for some little time has been unsatisfactory, continues to give anxiety. The duties and responsibilities of his important position are, even under normal circumstances, of a very arduous character; and with the addition of the many further demands which have been made upon the Commissioner owing to the recent pressing affairs with which The Army has been faced, the strain has necessarily been much increased.

Thus it has come about that, despite the General's hopes that the Commissioner would have been able to continue his duties without a break, it is now found imperative, in accordance with medical advice, that the Chancellor should take a furlough. This the General has arranged, and therefore Commissioner Laurie will be relieved of all official responsibility for a period of two or three months.

Meanwhile, Colonel George Troth, the Financial Secretary, will act in the absence of the Chancellor.

Let us pray that the change and rest will speedily result in the complete restoration of the Commissioner, whose long and devoted service for God and The Army is so well known and recognized.

SWISS ASCENSION DAY

International Headquarters Representatives

Salvationists in Switzerland, the Territory commanded by Commissioner W. Howard, keenly anticipated the Ascension Day Campaigns and Annual Congress meetings. Commissioner Charles Sowton, the International Secretary for Europe and the Dominions, had been appointed leader of the Great Ascension Day Campaign in Zurich, for which comrades of German-Switzerland gathered, and Colonel George Holmes, the Candidates' Secretary for the British Territory had been announced to conduct the French-Swiss Campaign in Lausanne. Commissioner Sowton was booked to conduct the week-end (Continued at foot of col. 4)

Across the Limit Line

THE COMMISSIONER Presides over Retirement Function for Colonel Adby and Colonel Hargrave

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF AS GUEST

A STRANGE blending of joy and sorrow made poignant emotion at the gathering of Territorial Headquarters and Divisional Staff Officers which assembled in the Council Chamber, at Headquarters, on Monday evening. Our Territorial Leader presided, and the guest of the occasion was the Chief of the Staff. Surely his presence could evoke naught but gladness! Quite so; but the platform company included Colonel Richard Adby and Colonel Robert Hargrave, and the fact that these veteran stalwarts were that night saying farewell, on entering well-earned retirement from active service, tinged the atmosphere with that sense of regret which caused the blending referred to in our opening.

The Chief of the Staff was newly-arrived from the United States, where he had participated in the National Golden Jubilee Congress. During the day he had been kept busy by conferences with Commissioner Hay and inspection of Army property and work in the city. He had also planned for himself a series of engagements which would occupy him closely during the week. Nevertheless, he was most happy to be able once again to meet his old-time comrades of the Canada East Territory.

Starting the vocal ball rolling Commissioner Hay paid tribute to the excellencies of character evidenced by the retiring Officers over so long a period. Lt.-Colonel Attwell, who followed, was eloquent and moving in the heart-felt words which expressed his regard and that of the men-Officers in whose name he spoke, for comrades in association with whom he had fought for so long. Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, representing her sister-comrades, congratulated the retiring Colonels on having given such worthy service to God and The Army.

Faithful Servants

Colonel Henry, who claimed that during four-and-a-half years' acquaintance with Colonels Adby and Hargrave he had obtained intimate insight into their characters as faithful servants of God, also gave welcome to the Chief of the Staff, voicing the good wishes of all present regarding their visitor.

Mrs. Hay was mirthful and serious by turns, as she courageously faced the future, on behalf of those who were laying down official responsibility, and offered cheery assurances that the days ahead would be rich in opportunity to serve God. She could not agree that the Salvation Soldier could ever be content with idleness. Nor, indeed, need he be seeing that there is plenty yet to

do in the interests of a dying world.

Young people, with whom he had been associated in recent years, have helped to maintain a buoyant liveliness in Colonel Adby; this, notwithstanding his snow-white hair. He spoke cheerfully of his gratitude to God for the years given to him—a lifetime spent in The Army—and he saw no reason why he should not continue to serve the Saviour as he had done for so long.

Colonel Hargrave is in decided contrast as to appearance to Colonel Adby, since he has scarcely a grey hair showing in his full crop. Like his comrade on the limit line he declared his intention of carrying on in the cause of righteousness to which he had given all his days from boyhood.

The Chief's Tribute

In the absence of Mrs. Adby and Mrs. Hargrave warm expressions of thanks for faithful services nobly rendered, were voiced by their respective partners and others.

Lt.-Colonel McAmmond's brief greeting having hailed the Chief of the Staff, the Territorial Commander called on Commissioner Mapp, who quickly seized every imagination as, in generous phrase, he paid glowing, yet tender, tribute to Colonels Adby and Hargrave. He had known them through the years, and was able to appraise the value of the services which they had rendered to God and souls. His report regarding the New York Congress was heartening and uplifting, while the bird's eye view which he gave of the world-wide field of operations upon which the Organization is playing such an active part for the glory of God thrilled his hearers, who hung upon his expressive words with that intensity which betokens itself in deep silence.

To old and young alike he commended himself as a big brother, seeking no eminence, desiring no personal elevation, save as it might advance the cause they each had at heart. It was obvious that the Chief, who begins to bear the inevitable marks of the passing years and of heavy burdens borne, was glad to find himself in Toronto once again, and it was equally obvious that his comrades in the Salvation war were glad to have him with them. When his last emotional word was spoken, and Commissioner Hay had summed up the proceedings, Commissioner Hoggard, on his way to his Canada West command, commended the gathering to the blessing of God.

Among others who participated were Colonel Morehen, Lt.-Colonel Perry—one of a company of retired Officers present—Brigadier Easton and Staff-Captain Hay.

"THE FIGHTERS" COMMISSIONED

Stirring Service in London's Royal Albert Hall

STANDING above a broad, yellow streamer bearing the words "1929—The Fighters' Session—1930" on the platform of the Royal Albert Hall on Monday night, 350 young men and women, in rapid succession, each heard one of the greatest questions of their lives answered by four or five short words.

Thousands of people witnessed the dramatic lifting of the curtain. All over the vast hall hundreds of mental pictures were conjured up as the names of Army Corps and other centres of work in the four quarters of the Territory were spoken by Commissioner Jeffries.

Many in the hall must have been grateful for its size. The immense rotunds enabled thousands more than did the place of all previous Commissionings to witness this annual addition, using Commissioner Hurren's prayer-phrase, "to the grand procession of sacrifice that started at Calvary and will finish at the Throne of God."

Of sound counsel the new Officers received ample measure, but not, as expected, from the General's lips, to the great disappointment of every one present. Mrs. Higgins, however, who stood in his place, received prolonged applause.

"There is at least one supremely disappointed man in London tonight," she said, explaining the General's indisposition, "and that man is my husband. He hoped to be here even within an hour of this meeting starting."

The General's Message

"These new Officers are going out to face the realities of those things whose theory they have studied," ran the General's message which Mrs. Higgins read. Likening the going forth of the Fighters' Session to the launching of a ship, the message spoke of the thrill and the risks, the hidden rocks in uncharted seas, and of the necessity for the new Officers to go out with all their hearts and minds.

"Anything short of an utter abandonment to your tasks will quickly reveal and develop weaknesses which will eventually cripple your efforts. You will need to exercise a complete faith in the over-ruling providence of God. Down through the centuries there have been men willing to suffer and die for the Saviour. You must follow in their steps. You must also carry with you an undoubted assurance of the issue of the conflict. There are too many pessimists in The Salvation Army. Let us believe in the victory that is promised us!"

South America, Dutch East Indies, Holland, South Africa, Finland, Czechoslovakia, West Africa, and Denmark, received their quota of new Officers, together with the Slum Posts and Hospitals! Reality indeed lay behind the pageantry.

The General agreed to the International Staff Band being present at the Crystal Palace on May 17th, for the Fourth National Bible Day, arranged by the Interdenominational Bible Testimony Fellowship. Lt.-Commissioner Langdon gave an address at the evening session in the great Central Transept.

A brief message from Major Wilbey, of Burma, states that there is cause for great gratitude because no Salvationists, nor Army properties, have been affected by the earthquake shocks reported from Rangoon.

meetings in Lausanne, and Colonel Holmes in Zurich.

At both centres it is customary for the meetings to be held in large tents. Last year, when the General and Mrs. Higgins conducted the Campaign, seven thousand people gathered under canvas at Zurich on Ascension Day.

The
Army
in



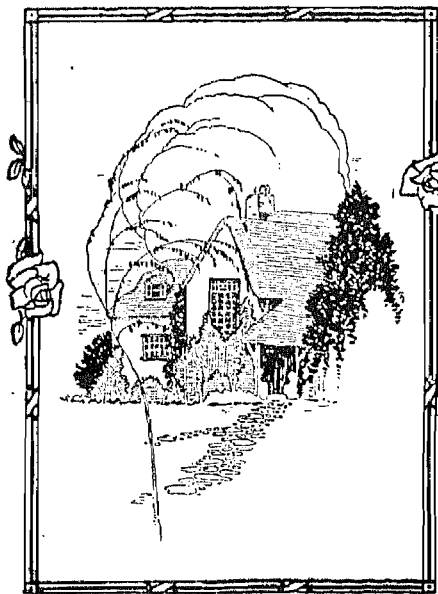
The
Police
Court

Stories from "The War Cry" Man's Note-Book

MARY'S behavior brought tragedy into the little home at M—, and deep grief to the hearts of her parents. The climax was reached when she suddenly disappeared one day, and not until The Salvation Army came into the story, several weeks later, did they hear or see their Mary again.

Her restoration came about in this way: After she left home and established herself in the big city, she endeavored in various ways to eke

out a livelihood. In the struggle "freedom" lost much of its glamor. Bad companions did not help to remedy matters. Finally she was brought before the Magistrate in the large city court, where the bustle and strangeness frightened her. The Magistrate, however, had a warm spot in her heart, and believed that wayward girls, who were on the threshold of wrong, should be trained to go in the other direction, to take (Continued on page 13)



HOME LEAGUE EVENTS
For the Month of June

TORONTO WEST DIVISION
Brock Avenue—Mrs. Field-Major Hiscock, Wed., 11th, 2.30.
Dovercourt—Mrs. Major Bristow, Wed., 11th, 8.00.
Earls Court—Adjutant Bridge, Thurs., 12th, 8.00.
Fairbank—Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Wed., 11th, 2.30.
Lansing—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Tues., 10th, 2.30.
Lisgar Street—Mrs. Field-Major McRae, Thurs., 26th, 2.30.
Mount Dennis—Mrs. Staff-Captain Porter, Wed., 18th, 2.30.
Scarlett Plains—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Attwell, Thurs., 12th, 2.30.
Wychwood—Commandant Sharrock, Wed., 11th, 2.30.

TORONTO EAST DIVISION
Bedford Park—Mrs. Brigadier Hawkins, Thurs., 26th, 2.30.
Birchcliff—Mrs. Field-Major Sheard, Tues., 10th, 2.30.
Byng Avenue—Mrs. Field-Major Campbell, Wed., 18th, 2.30.
Danforth—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Whatley, Thurs., 26th, 2.30.
East Toronto—Field-Major O'Neil, Thurs., 12th, 2.30.
Greenwood—Mrs. Major Ritchie, Thurs., 26th, 2.30.
Parliament Street—Mrs. Brigadier Calvert, Mrs. Ensign Wood, Thurs., 19th, 2.30.
Rhodes Avenue—Mrs. Major Ritchie, Tues., 17th, 2.30.
Todmorden—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie, Thurs., 19th, 2.30.
Whitby—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Fri., 13th, 7.30.
Yorkville—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Thurs., 19th, 2.30.

The Temple—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore, Tues., 17th, 8.00.

To restore the polish to tables which have been marked by hot dishes, paint the marks with spirit of nitre and then polish with olive oil.

Powdered pumice, mixed with liquid ammonia, will remove obstinate soot and smoke stains from the tiles of your hearth.

THE CHURCH not built WITH HANDS.



I love the great cathedral and the little shrine,
Where 'oughts of God' can enter into world-worn hearts like mine.
I also love His templed trees whose pillared trunks surround
The altar fires of birchlogs that are smould'ring on the ground,
The springs of holy water that the Good Lord placed for me,

The stained glass bits of sky that shine through every leafy tree,
The chorus choir of birds and bees and babbling brooks that sing,
The rich incense of woodsy smells that all the breezes bring.
So pitch my tent in wilderness, give me my bed of sod;
It's while I watch His marching stars that I feel close to God.
—Henry M. Fraser.

Women's Realm

POISON-IVY or ROSES?

Our Words May Leave a Trail of Blessing or Bitterness

"BE CAREFUL, little tongue, what you say," runs a line of a toddlers' action song. The advice does not come amiss even for grown-ups.

If our words, as they left our lips, assumed a tangible form, what would we wish them to be—roses or poison-ivy? And yet there are many strewing the Pathway of Life with that noxious weed. The offenders perhaps are more thoughtless than deliberate in their intention to harm, but that does not mend matters.

A dear old saint who is well past the allotted span of life, came to the Quarters in a much disturbed frame of mind. "Captain," he said, "a comrade told me a tale about someone that I can't get off my mind; I wish he hadn't told me. I felt I had to pray for them. I couldn't get any sleep for worrying about it. At last I became so tired I asked the Lord if it was His will to let me sleep; but the matter still weighs upon my mind."

The Captain tried to point out the futility of worrying and after a little talk with the Lord the venerable old saint recovered his wonted composure. The Captain reserved her opinion, however, of the party who had taken advantage of the veteran's simple open-heartedness.

The prophet, Ezekiel, had some strong words to say on this subject. He was much exercised about the misleading statements of the false prophets and prophetesses of that day, and to the latter he said: "Woe unto the women that sew pillows upon all elbows and make kerchiefs for the head of persons to hunt souls." Pillows on the elbows betokened ease and pleasure. It appears that the prophetesses had been pleasantly lulling the consciences of the guilty and needlessly agitating the innocent. Yes!—sowing poison-ivy! "With lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad," declared the prophet.

There are too many poison-ivy prophets about—even today. Oh, for more rose-strewers.

Gossip, cynical comment or frivo-

lous jesting should not soil our lips. They are poison-ivy.

Does a topic of conversation not suggest itself easily to you? Why, there is a wealth of subject matter. Here is good advice from the Psalmist: "Talk ye of all His wondrous works." Here's a text for you!

Can we not see something in the blue vault of Heaven to cause us to exclaim with wonderment? More than one bed-ridden sufferer has thanked God for the glimpse of that azure patch seen through his window. It is a token of His wondrous works.

Is there nothing to be said about the snow-white purity of the lily, about the stately majesty of the old elm, about the rich-hued butterfly dancing ecstatically over the flower-bed, about the cheery sun-rise chant of the robin? "Talk ye of all His wondrous works."

But what about God's most wondrous work? Is there not something profitable we can say to or for our neighbor? Perhaps he or she has fallen foul of the poison-ivy tongue. A kind word will ease the sting of the soul and "make the wounded spirit whole."

It was the kind word of the Angel Adjutant that won many a rough diamond from the depths of debauchery and black despair. It was the interested invitation of a Salvationist extended to a young woman walking

aimlessly about the streets of Toronto that led to her joining the local Corps, becoming a most exceptional worker for God and leading to her acceptance as a Candidate.

And when we have exhausted this method of strewing roses—if such were possible—let us talk about His manifold blessings, about the sacredness of communion in the secret place of the Most High, about the joys of worshipping with His people, about the glorious spiritual conquests of The Army, about answered prayer, about triumphing in temptation—yea, it will keep us humble even to talk about our defeats.

Thus will the words of our mouth be acceptable in the Father's sight and men and women will bless us for the fragrance and beauty of our "roses."—J.

WHO GAVE MOST?

THE three sons of an eastern mother were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went on a long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another presented her with a rich garland of fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence and thus accosted her: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart; here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart, full of affection, will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."

GARDENING CHAT

Gardens for the Kiddies

LET your children have a garden this year—a garden that is their very own. Even though you have but a small plot of ground, you can surely set aside a tiny patch for each of the children.

It may be six feet square, or only four. It may be ten or twelve. But no matter how large it is, teach the children how to loosen the soil, sift in ashes if needed, add fertilizer, smooth it down and plant the seed.

Teach them to care for the tiny plants when they come up, to water them, weed them, and shelter them during heavy winds or storms. Let them compete with each other—seeing who can grow the first radish of edible size, who can furnish mother with the first mess of peas or lettuce, or who can bring an ear of corn to dad first.

They will learn to love the soil and the vegetables it produces, as millions of their adults love it. By all means let the children have a garden.

Mulch Paper for Weeds

IF YOU try each year to have a garden in some favorite spot for weeds, and have almost convinced yourself that the weeds cannot be conquered, try a little mulch paper this season.

Place a little of this paper around a tomato plant, for instance, or punch a hole in the paper and let the tiny plant stick through. It keeps the weeds from growing and keeps the moisture in the ground so that the soil around the plant does not harden.

City dwellers, who insist upon their tiny home gardens, in which they

find so much exercise and such great pleasure, will find this little hint of great value.

Utilizing the Back-yard

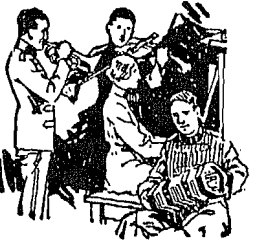
IT IS doubtful if Joyce Kilmer realized how famous a certain little poem would make him, when he first penned the lines "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

But that little poem is one of the classics of to-day. It struck a heart-string that seems to be almost universal. Even those of us who have never owned a garden seem to have a craving to grow things. It may be a plant in the window of our dining-room; a cluster of vines in water; something green, or golden, or red, in a box on the window ledge or the verandah; or it may be a larger assortment of growing things in the spot of ground that runs from the garage to the back door of our home.

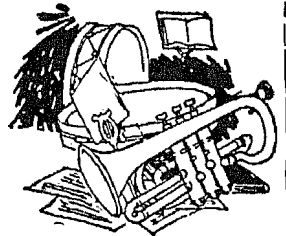
We do not attempt to make a tree, but we use the God-given seed and our God-given strength to plant that seed—and as the days pass and the seed grows, we secure delight that is almost unsurpassed.

The tiny backyard may be turned into a garden, no matter where it may be located nor how littered up it may be at present. A few ashes will loosen the stickiest clay. A little fertilizer will fill barren soil with the power of producing plants and fruit.

A little toil in that back-yard will reward you a hundredfold.



OUR BANDSMEN'S PAGE



Army Music in the U.S.A.

What Sousa Thinks of Army Bands—Congress Musical Episodes—
Seven Hundred Bandsmen Stir New York

VOCABULARIZE THESE!

Musical terms, with their meaning, which occur in the pieces published in recent Festival Series Journals:

Con devozione, with affection.

Ben sost, clearly sustained.

Andante con moto, slow and with emotion.

Agitato con passione, agitated with passion.

Andante con espress, slow with expression.

Con fervore, with warmth.

Con amore, with tenderness.

Con molto sentimento, with much feeling.

Allargando, with free, broad style.

Andante non troppo e religioso, slow, but not in excess, and solemnly.

Ben marcato, well marked.

Meno mosso, less movement.

Dolce con gusto, sweet and with taste.

Andante con grazia, slow, with flowing grace.

Andante con affetto, slow, with much pathos.

Maestoso con fiducia, broad, with confidence.

"QUID PRO QUO"

How a Toronto Brigade Put the Axiom Into Effect—With Interest

"PAY back what you borrow" is a good axiom in life; but so many wise sayings are allowed to die in theory, alone, that it did one good to see this particular saying put into practical effect. It happened at Oshawa, on a rainy night, which set "finis" to a cold, rainy day. Earls-court Songster Brigade was returning the compliment for a visit paid by the Oshawa Brigade some weeks previously, and a very joyful occasion resulted.

The two Brigades, in force, occupied the platform in the roomy Citadel and the good crowd which had braved the elements was certainly well repaid for the effort involved.

Happy, indeed, was the choice of the chairman, for the Rev. T. Hodge was a first-timer in that capacity and in that building. His reminiscence of war-time service showed, however, that he was no stranger to The Army, or to the faithful labors of our comrades who toiled amongst the troops; especially was he well acquainted with the "soup-kitchens on the Western Front."

For an opening item what could surpass in excellence "I will extol Thee," by the united Brigades, under the baton of Songster Leader Boys, of Earls-court? You should have seen the eyes of the chairman sparkle, while the rafters rang; his inspiration outstepped his vocabulary, he it said. There is such a thing as being too full for words. Nevertheless he was charmed with this and every succeeding number making up the delightful program.

Songster-Leader T. Coull, of Oshawa, piloted "To God be all the glory," at the close of the Festival, and each baton-wielder, in the interval between these two items evoked pleasing and God-honoring music from their respective companies and, incidentally, hearty applause from the audience. Earls-court contributed "The Soldiers' Chorus," "The Call of Calvary," "The Omnipotent God," and "The Hallelujah Chorus," as Brigade selections, while the homesters were enjoyably heard in "Open ye the gates," and "I will lift up mine eyes."

SEVEN hundred Bandsmen, gathered from all parts of the U.S.A., assembled in the Armory Beautiful, New York, for the Musical Festival held in connection with the Jubilee Congress. This was one of the greatest musical events ever staged across the border and demonstrated the fact that the Bands of the U.S.A. are making great strides.

The solo Bands on this occasion included the Staff Bands of New York, Chicago and Atlanta and the Corps Bands of Flint, Detroit, Cambridge and South Manchester. The Festival Chorus, comprised of a large body of singers, rendered an item in conjunction with the Eastern Staff Band, and the Scandinavian chorus and orchestra also contributed to the program.

The ten thousand people who filled the vast building spent three hours of delight and thrills. The Commander presided and during the evening announced the Prize Winners in the National Music Competition, for which one hundred and four entries were submitted.

The awards were as follows:

BAND SELECTIONS.

1.—Bandsman O. E. Swanson (Chicago).

2.—Major K. M. Frstrup (California).

3.—Adjutant W. Slater (New York).

BAND MARCHES.

1.—Bandsman Soderstrom (Chicago).

2.—Deputy Bandmaster H. Turkington (South Manchester).

QUARTETS FOR BRASS.

1.—Major H. Otway (Detroit).

2.—Major K. M. Frstrup.

SONGSTER SELECTIONS.

1.—Ensign W. Bearchell (New York).

2.—Major Frstrup.

SONG AND AIR.

1.—Major K. M. Frstrup.

2.—Band Sergeant T. Waterworth (Detroit Citadel).

SET OF VERSES.

1.—Ensign W. Maltby (New York).

Another interesting feature of this great Festival was the playing by the massed Bands of the march, "The Salvation Army," composed by John Philip Sousa, who also conducted the

Bands in the new composition.

The world-famous march king has heard Army Bands in England and Australia, as well as in the U.S.A. and often has been cheered by hearing the strains of an Army Band holding an Open-air near his hotel.

In conversation with the writer, Commander Sousa spoke in high terms of Army music and musicians. "The Army Bands are better in tune," he said; "they play a better class of music, and I note that they have more real composers than they had in earlier days."

"The progress among professional musicians," he further stated, "has not been greater than that of the men of the Salvation Army."

Incidentally, he mentioned that the trio of his march is written to fit the words of the song: "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," a song which, as an Episcopalian, he used to sing way back in his boyhood days.

The distinguished march writer conducted a rehearsal with the Chicago Staff and Detroit Bands prior to the Congress Pageant, where his march was also played. Here he expressed a desire to hear some Army marches, and in response Adjutant Broughton conducted his "Carry on" march and Staff-Captain Coles led the two Bands in his march, "In the Firing Line." Of these pieces Sousa spoke in very generous terms.

One of the stirring episodes of the Congress was the march of seven hundred Army Bandsmen down Fifth Avenue, a spacious and dignified thoroughfare running through the heart of the great city. Crowds lined the Avenue for two miles or so while mounted police escorted the long procession.

Leading the way were the united Bands of Chicago Staff, Flint and Detroit, three splendid combinations of nearly 150 men in all, whose rhythmic march playing was stirring in the extreme. It was a proud thing to march with such a magnificent assembly of instrumentalists. New York had a taste of the quality of Army music that it had never experienced before. Surprise was expressed on every hand.

All success to our comrades across the line!—B.C.

A FUGUE—WHAT IT MEANS

To those who have experienced difficulty in grasping the meaning of the term "Fugue," or a fugue-like movement, one of which is to be found in Captain Ball's "Hanover," the following words from William Henry Hadow, in "Music," will be found enlightening:

If you consider almost any one of the shorter Psalms you will note how its construction is designed to emphasize and drive home one particular theme—the prosperity of the righteous, or the majesty of God.

The subject appears in different lights and, as it were, with different accompanying figures; it is illustrated with differences of metaphor and episode, but it persists all through. The forty-sixth Psalm, for instance, is held together by the reiterated assurance that God is our hope and strength, that He will help His holy city, that He is with us in the midst of our enemies, that He is our refuge. That is, very roughly, the method of the fugue: a single reiterated theme woven through and through the texture, reappearing in different keys and with different "counter subjects," yet virtually or actually animating the entire composition.

And the beauty of a fugue consists partly of the significance of its theme, partly of the closeness of its texture, partly of the living and harmonious intertwine of its constituent voices.

BAND-ROOM CHAT

Bandsman Leslie H. Saunders, of Danforth, has been appointed Deputy-Bandmaster.

Bandsman and Deputy Songster-Leader Alan Austin, of Earls-court, who has been laid aside for several weeks, is again back at his post.

West Toronto Bandsmen looked real smart in the new grey uniforms in which they appeared at the Bandsmen's Council last Sunday.

Bandsmen Thomas, Peak and Higgins, of Dovercourt, who have all been seriously ill, are happily out and about once more.



West Toronto Songster Brigade (Songster-Leader V. Farmer). Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon, the Corps Officers, are also seen in the group

Bandsman Gentry, Oshawa, gave a violin solo. Bandsman Campbell, Earls-court was in good form with his two cornet solos. Songster I. Saunders, of Earls-court, added as an elocutionary effort, "You know what I mean." Songster Mrs. Irwin of the same Brigade, sang "Spirit of God." Oshawa's vocal trio "Lay thy load of sorrow," which had been so effective in the previous partnership festival, was re-

peated on this occasion with added charm. Songster Langfeld, Oshawa, "put across" a recitation, "Just as good," in fine style. Mrs. MacFarlane, Earls-court, excelled herself, if that be possible, in a soul-stirring rendering of "Come unto Me." Ensign War-rander read an appropriate Psalm and Ensign Dixon, of Oshawa, paid tributes of gratitude to the chairman and the visiting comrades.

A trip to Hamilton I, in a few days' time, will complete the Earls-court repayment of indebtedness in the matter of the Festival which initiated the series; but the tying of the bonds of fellowship brought about by these exchanges and comradely courtesies must be a source of unending profit to the Kingdom of God, to Whose name be all the glory, now and forever!

THEY MET IN MOSCOW

The "War Cry" Representative Finds a Fellow-Salvationist in the Byzantine City—But it was Only a Dream

I AM in Moscow. How vastly different from Toronto! I gaze about me with the unadulterated curiosity of a stranger in a city where events have moved with a swiftness and breadth of significance which have set the world a-wondering.

Wandering along its spacious thoroughfares, I note with deepening interest the quaint Byzantine style of architecture, the cobble-stone streets, the walled convents and the people.

Soldiers are everywhere. Swaggering, rough chaps, they are; indeed, some appear to be little more than boys. They smoke and guffaw and indulge in the horse-play common to the irresponsible private soldier everywhere. Curiously enough, my foreign appearance seems to excite no comment whatever. I go hither and yon without being subjected to so much as a peasant's stare.

Now I find myself in a poorer residential section. The cottages, devoid of any ornamentation, are huddled together, in squat ugliness.

With a deafening clatter a team of sweating horses, mounted by swearing artillery men, and hauling a field gun, comes dashing into view. The prancing horses are so close that I grow cold with apprehension. There is an uprising near at hand. The field gun will silence the rebels.

Now I am in a house, and, descend-

ing a narrow stair-case, I meet, on the landing, a young man. He looks at me rather queerly, and, pointing to my breast, exclaims: "Jesus!"

Somehow I am not surprised that he speaks in English. Taking his expression for blasphemy, I reply, with rising indignation:

"It is very wrong to take the name of Jesus Christ in vain; you should not do it." Something in his look of wonderment, directed still towards my breast, causes me to look downwards, and I become conscious that I am wearing an Army guernsey and that my acquaintance has paid me a high compliment in assuming that I belong to Jesus Christ.

Another Shock

At the same moment I experience another shock. My companion is also wearing an Army guernsey.

"What luck!" quoth I to myself. "Here am I, a representative of 'The War Cry,' in Russia, where The Army is not now supposed to be tolerated, and I find a volunteer Salvationist, showing his colors among a people who are bitterly antagonist towards the principles he represents. 'What wonderful 'copy'!" I inwardly exult. And outwardly I rejoice to find a comrade-in-arms. He introduces me to other Salvationist comrades—and then I awaken!

Yes, it was only a dream, but to me it was a very impressive one and is still vividly before me.

But then, dreams are wonderful, and—may we not add?—inexplicable. One may merely doze for a minute or so, and yet, in that swift interval, journey half round the world and meet with adventures more impos-

sible or ludicrous than even the fertile mind of Cervantes could have conceived.

On the other hand the dream may waft one into an atmosphere of aesthetic charm or create a surge of noble inspiration, or produce a startling revelation, which often marks the turning-point in one's life.

Peter was in a trance when the "great sheet . . . wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts," appeared before his startled eyes, to teach him the amazing lesson that God is no respecter of persons.

Constantine the Great was asleep when Christ was purported to have appeared to him and a luminous cross was seen spread on the face of the heavens with the inscription above it, "By this conquer."

The remarkable allegory of Bunyan was woven whilst the Bedford tinker was in a sub-conscious state, and our Founder, too, saw pictures of the eternal world, which he has left on record for our edification in his book, "Visions."

A Multiplicity of Means

What is it the prophet says?—"Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

Whatever the manner of approach taken by revelation, as it comes to us, let us first be certain that the Holy Spirit is the inspiring force animating the new idea, and then let us make use of it to the glory of God, who, in addition to being no respecter of persons, manifests His ability and willingness to utilize a multiplicity of means, the more unusual the more impressive, often, for the blessing of mankind.—Joseph.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

From Adjutant Eacott, a Canada East Officer, Now Stationed in China, Comes the Following Interesting Letter

"It is now over a year since we returned to China. We were first stationed for a few months at the Peiping Central Corps, and in August last took charge of the West section, comprising three city Corps, and two in country places. While there we did much relief work, as floods and grasshoppers devastated the countryside. The poverty and distress witnessed then was appalling, and fair Canada and all its good things and manifold blessings seemed in a heaven far removed.

"After the Congress, in October, we journeyed to Shansi, where we have charge of the mid-Shansi region, which has seven Corps and two Outposts. Two of the Corps are in the city where we live—the capital of the Province, Taiyuanfu, and the others to South and Southwest, within just over forty miles distance. Three of these are in a section commanded by Ensign Patterson, from Canada West. I am frequently away from home, of course, and journey about on my 'wheel,' living with the Chinese Officers and eating native food—which is very good especially as our Officers prepare it for me—and working with them in their Corps and district.

"During April we are having a little 'A.O.V.T.' Campaign, all on our own. Canadian 'War Cry's' encourage us no end. We read of the good times experienced and we are stirred.

"Here, in our little corner, we pray God to send His blessing. This week we are at the East Corps, and on Tuesday three men came forward for Salvation, and on Thursday two more. In this same meeting we enrolled ten new adherents. To-morrow (Sunday) we shall receive three new Recruits.

"At the North Corps five adherents were received on Thursday, and there were two seekers. One of the country Corps reports five young people at the Mercy-seat and increased attendances, and we are yet to hear from the others."

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS ALL-ROUND PROGRESS

BLAKETOWN, Nfld. (Captain J. Leurs, Cadet J. Davis) — Salvation breezes continue to blow this way. The Mothers' Day services was impressive. There was an enrolment of Junior Soldiers, and at the close a mother sought Christ. At night, after the Altar Service, we rejoiced over a smashed Self-Denial Target. The infant son of Brother and Sister Osbourne was dedicated, and the Local Officers commissioned.

During the recent Campaign over forty knelt at the Mercy-seat for Salvation and Holiness. Among the new Soldiers are three fathers whose families are now all Salvationists.

The Home League is a thriving concern. As a result of its Winter efforts, electric light has been installed in the Hall, and a considerable sum laid aside toward equipping a Band.—H.

UNDAUNTED

LAMALINE, Nfld. (Lieutenant Tilley)—We were very sorry to have to bid Captain Downey farewell a few weeks ago, owing to a serious breakdown. Our prayers follow the Captain. We have heartily welcomed our new Officers, Lieutenant Tilley, who has come from the Garrison. The Corps Self-Denial Effort has been launched, and although the recent tidal wave disaster has left the people of this vicinity in straitened circumstances, we are believing for a smashed Target.

Back to the Fold

Lock's Harbor (Captain Stanley)—On Sunday night two backsliders found pardon through the Blood of the Lamb! —B.A.M.

A VETERAN CROWNED SISTER MRS. GOSLING, Burin Bay

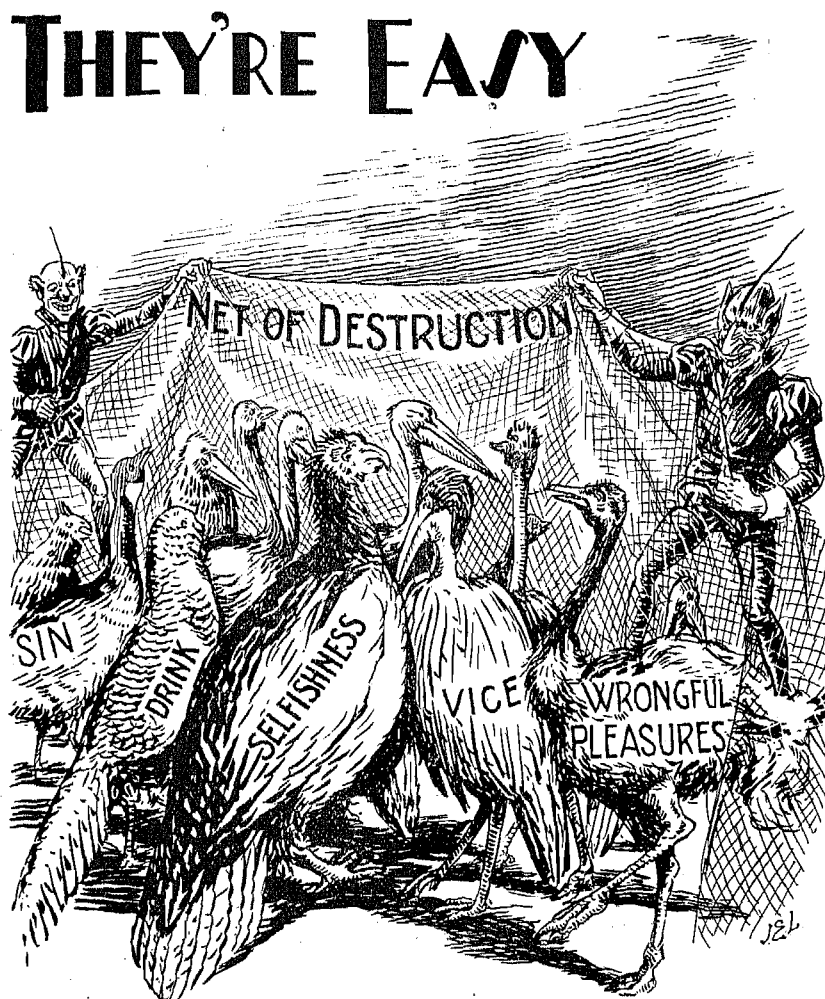
After an illness of many months, borne with exemplary patience and resignation, a well-known comrade, Sister Mrs. Richard Gosling, aged 66 years, received her summons Home.

Our promoted comrade was a faithful Soldier of Burin Corps for forty years. She delighted to attend the Holiness meetings and was ever ready to testify for God and warn sinners. She possessed a splendid Christian character and was highly esteemed in our midst.

Our comrade was a member of the Home League, being always interested in its activities. The writer visited her many times during her illness and always found her resigned to God's will. She was a loving wife and mother.

The Funeral and Memorial services were conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Anthony and Captain L. Bridges. A large crowd of Salvationists and friends were present to testify to the respect in which she was held. For the Memorial service the Citadel was filled and one soul surrendered to God.

Our deepest sympathy is with Brother Gosling who has closely fought by our promoted Sister's side for forty years.—J.S.A.



SURELY IN VAIN IS THE NET SPREAD IN THE SIGHT OF ANY BIRD

IMMIGRATION & COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

Special Ocean Rates to Canada for British Migrants

\$50.00 PER ADULT

To Canadian Port.

ASSISTED PASSAGES

Loan and Free Grants in order to assist men already in Canada to bring their families.

Weekly Conducted Parties to Canada

Agents for all Steamship Lines Ordinary Bookings to and from the Old Land. Passengers met at Railway Depots and Ocean Docks.

PASSPORTS SECURED

Write at once for Particulars.

The Secretary,
1225 University St., Montreal, P.Q.
808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
480 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
114 Beckwith St., Smith's Falls, Ont.



We omitted to mention in writing of Colonel and Mrs. Aaby in our last week's issue, that their daughter, Mildred, holds the rank of Ensign in The Army. The Ensign, who is stationed as head nurse at the Bloor Street Women's Hospital, Toronto, is at present on furlough in England.

Commissioner Robert Hoggard, Territorial Commander for Canada West, made a call at Toronto on his way back to his command, from New York, where he attended the Jubilee Congress Celebrations. During his stay, the Commissioner was in conference with the Chief of the Staff, on business affecting his Territory. Many comrades who have had association with the Commissioner in various fields of service were delighted to meet the veteran leader once more.

Commissioner Hodder (R), who is living in the United States, as well as other Officers from across the border, also paid a visit to Territorial Headquarters following the stirring Congress gatherings in New York; these including Lt.-Colonel Hay, Brigadiers Layman and Bradley, and Adjutant and Mrs. Friend.

Adjutant William Ware, who is seen in the photograph herewith, is Private Secretary to the Chief of the



Adjutant W. Ware

Staff, and in this capacity is paying his first visit to this side of the Atlantic. He is the son of Brigadier Ware, a Divisional Commander in the British Territory. We are glad to see him!

Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey, of Wychwood, wish to thank the numerous comrades and friends for their sympathy and prayers in the dark hour of the loss of their infant child. We are glad to know that Mrs. Pilfrey is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected.

Ensign Mundy, of Chatham, reports that \$600 was reached on the first day of the Self-Denial Campaign in the Maple City, and prospects are good for a smashed Target. Well done!

Another warm friend of The Army passed away recently, in the person of Mrs. William Dunsmore, of Oxford, N.S. This comrade evinced keen interest in our work, and was a loyal supporter of the local Corps. Captain Hicks, the Commanding Officer, assisted the Rev. A. Simpson in the Funeral service.

In Toronto's Busy Down-town

STIRRING SPECTACLES WITNESSED AT THE DRUM-HEAD IN CADETS' OPEN-AIR BOMBARDMENTS

THE supreme purpose of Army open-air services is the Salvation of the sinner, and this purpose has been accomplished not once, but many times, by the Cadets of the "Endurance" Session. Within a period of one month, six souls have sought Salvation in Open-air services conducted by the men Cadets of the present Session. To God be the glory!

On Saturday evening last the men Cadets conducted an Open-air in one of Toronto's down-town districts, and on this occasion four souls knelt at the drumhead to seek Salvation. During the Open-air a number of the Cadets spoke, and without a doubt, their denunciations of sin brought conviction to many of the bystanders. The vocal solos of Cadets Griffiths and Munro were also very effective. Several of the Cadets walked in and out among the crowd getting into personal contact with those who seemed most impressed. At intervals moving appeals were made by Captain Gennery and Sergeant Bursey. Commandant Beecroft and Envoy Rogers also rendered



valuable assistance in that respect.

Towards the close of the service, the open-air ring and its immediate surroundings presented a stirring spectacle. The sidewalks on both sides of the streets were crowded with people. A number of hecklers and drunkards lounged around close to the ring, while in the centre of the circle of kneeling Cadets, two penitents knelt at the drum. The picture will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Still another unusual event occurred on a recent Sunday morning, during the course of an Open-air, conducted by Sergeant Bursey and a Brigade of men Cadets on a street corner of the Toronto I district. The

Open-air had been in progress for some time when suddenly a woman, who had been listening on the opposite side of the street, rushed across, broke through the ring, and throwing herself upon her knees, cried to God for mercy. The Cadets were, for a moment, startled, but in a trice they dropped upon their knees to pray for her Salvation. Later the woman told the Cadets that she would have done anything to get rid of the great burden of sin that had troubled her greatly for many months. Judging by their comments, the courageous act of this woman left a powerful impression for good upon the minds and hearts of the people of the neighborhood.

"Just Where He Wanted Them"

(Continued from page 8)

question of Candidateship. The Band, as is generally known, offers a fertile field for recruiting Officers, 75% of the men Cadets being drawn from this section, the Colonel explained. He instanced the splendid number of Bandsmen who, having responded to the call for wider service, were now fighting as Officers at home and abroad. Inspirational, to say the least, were the Colonel's leaves from his notebook with regard to yet other Bandsmen, who, unable to become Officers themselves, bent every energy toward encouraging their comrades who were eligible. A brief word from the Commissioner; more full-throated singing and this second serviceable session was concluded.

At the opening of the evening session two of the delegates to the Council were heard praying for the blessing of God upon the closing hours of the day. Lt.-Colonel Sims also besought Divine aid to ensure that the utmost profit might be won by every man present. Lt.-Colonel McAmmond and Major Ritchie having expressed, on behalf of the two Toronto Divisions, appreciation of the Commissioner's toil that day, with assurances that those who had heard so gladly would go out to put to good effect the counsel they had received, Brigadier Macdonald, of the Hamilton Division, spoke of matters which he thought could be ventilated with profit.

For instance, he considered that Bandsmen might distribute their services over the week more and more, and that the larger Bands should give assistance to the smaller Bands by developing and providing Bandmasters for the lesser combinations.

The Commissioner added readily to the Brigadier's suggestion outlining the plan of the Band rotary, whereby the larger Bands might be divided into two or three distinct groups, to function separately on week-nights.

Speaking of the Bandsmen's wives and mothers, Mrs. Hay declared that she saw behind every marching Band of Salvationists the sacrifice of the women who had made possible the service thus rendered. With charmingly whimsical words she conveyed a great message to the hearts of her hearers. It was a helpful, womanly note; the contrast was good indeed. One may judge by the readiness with which Mrs. Hay's words were received, how deeply impressive, how truly heart-searching they were.

Following the thought-provoking Scripture reading by Colonel Hargrave, the Commissioner stepped to the rail for his concluding address. He had been stirred by a contemplation of the astonishing progress which had been made in efficiency by the musical forces of The Army, and he

proceeded to draw upon a great fund of apt and telling stories which emphasized that fact.

Other points which our Leader stressed included the profit accruing from a study of The Army. Of course they would give definite attention to their music; let them not forget to increase their devotion to Bible reading.

"Let us remember," said the Commissioner, as he drew toward the close of his remarks, "that even as the flowers and surroundings of the beautiful homes of Toronto make delightful the aspect as one views avenue after avenue, so the Bandsmen of The Army may make, in the moral world, a wonderful setting, gladdening the beholder, seeing that God, through The Army, has lifted us up to make life more fragrant for others."

Ere the last "Amen" was said a joyous-lifted chorus suddenly swept across the bowed assembly, at the Commissioner's call. But though the melody leapt happily, it was nevertheless seriously effective. It took the form of consecration, bravely, fearlessly, yet gladly, undertaken. The words ran:

"If Jesus goes with me, I'll go Anywhere!"

The day had been characterized by serious, purposeful talking leavened considerably by a gracious admixture of human incident oft provocative of smiles; but there was sudden arrest in this unconventional conclusion, hard on the heels of the prayer by Mrs. Colonel Henry.

Let the fact that more than one or two car parties, speeding away to the outskirts of the city, were heard to raise that chorus, justify its utilization. Not without effect was the burst of song which startled a police officer on duty near the red light signal which held up the traffic away north.

"I count it a privilege here

His Cross to share;

If Jesus goes with me, I'll go

Anywhere!"

The green light flashed forth as the officer wheeled about, and the car, filled with Salvationist Bandsmen, passed on, a new chorus surging out into the night saying,

"O Man of Galilee,

Stay with and strengthen me,

Walk Thou through life with me,

O Man of Galilee!"

If these choruses give any indication of the spirit which our comrades took away from the Council, then the Commissioner may well be gratified, for it is inevitable that God will be glorified!

The Army in the Police Court

(Continued from page 9)

the narrower, but safe, pathway of rectitude.

So she gave Mary into the care of The Salvation Army, in whose Home she was placed for some time. Discipline, instruction, patience, love—all had their effect upon her turbulent spirit, and by the time she was ready to go home—for her parents had been told of her rescue!—she was an altogether different Mary.

A young mother, with her tiny baby, came into the office of our Women's Police Court worker in Toronto the other day, asking for assistance. She was well-nigh heart-broken, having no near relatives in the country, and the exact whereabouts of her cousin in Toronto she

did not know.

After her baby had been born—the father of the child could not be located!—the mother had made her way, somehow or other, from a Western Canada city to Toronto.

"Will you help me to find my cousin," she asked, tears welling up in her big brown eyes, as she spoke.

"Of course we will," replied the sympathetic Officer, "and we will commence this very afternoon."

The Army wheels were set in motion, and workers, using the few flimsy clues placed at their disposal by the distracted girl-mother, located the cousin within three or four hours! Mother and child were taken into the Home, and much brighter prospects face them to-day.

We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

BOLDESON, Margaret—Age 29; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; auburn hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Came from Liverpool. Last address was Esplanade Ave., Montreal. (See photo.)



Margaret Bolderson

GROSS, Eliza Jane—Age 52 years. Probably in domestic service. Thought to be in Toronto. Brother enquires.

McLEOD, Mrs. Duncan—Formerly Mrs. Clara Foster. Thought to be living in Goderich. Son anxious for news.

SANDEMAN, Elizabeth Lilly Bessie—Sailed from Plymouth on the S.S. "Lake Erie," May 17th, 1912 arriving at Woodstock, Ont.

SANDEMAN, Maria Johanna—Sailed from England, November 28th, 1912. Sister, Ivy, enquires. Anyone knowing the above two sisters, please communicate.

RUMNEY, Nelson—Age 23 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; dark hair; light hazel eyes; fair complexion. Born in Canada. Scar on top of head. Missing since September 10th, 1929. Mother broken-hearted. 18089

BENNETT, John Henry—Age about 55 years; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair hair; grey eyes; clear complexion. Joiner by trade; also a Bandmaster. Thought to be living in Toronto. 18046

STONE, William T.—Age 22 years; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; blue eyes; fair complexion. Last heard from in British Columbia. Father anxious for news. 18042

LLOYD, Albert—Age 38; height 5 ft. 7

With The Fighting Forces

TWELVE LIFE-SAVING GUARDS FIND CHRIST

MIDLAND (Commandant and Mrs. Graves)—The Life-Saving Guards have been organized in Midland. Their first appearance was at the inaugural service, which was presided over by Adjutant Ellery, who was here for the week-end. The Life-Saving Scouts also played an active part during the week-end, when the Bugle Band marched to the Open-air, the Guards following.

It was a very pleasing sight to

see the Guards in full uniform on parade. We appreciate greatly the kindness of the Canadian Department Store in donating a bale of grey flannel for the uniforms.

On a certain parade night each Guard contributed gifts for a few baskets which were delivered and accepted with many thanks. One night recently when we held our spiritual meeting, twelve girls gave themselves to God.—Candidate M. Ball.

ROUSING WEEK-END

OXFORD (Captain Hicks, Lieutenant McLean)—Brigadier and Mrs. Tilley conducted special services on Saturday and Sunday. The first meeting was held Saturday afternoon, when Mrs. Tilley met the Sisters of the Home League. On Saturday evening a rousing Open-air was conducted.

On Sunday morning the Holiness meeting was a real feast, and in the afternoon a helpful Praise meeting was held.

A splendid crowd was present for the night meeting. Mrs. Tilley bore testimony to God's power, and the Brigadier's message brought conviction.

During the day four seekers found Salvation at the foot of the Cross.

During the past few weeks three Soldiers have been enrolled under the Yellow, Red and Blue.—V. McLean.

FATHER IS SAVED

LISTOWEL (Captain Keeling, Lieutenant Trickett)—The services recently were conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Burton. In the night meeting the Brigadier conducted the Dedication service of little Robert Campbell. On the previous Sunday evening we held a Memorial service for the little lad's mother who passed away some time ago. At the close of the service we rejoiced to see the father at the Mercy-seat.

Adjutant Ellery recently visited us. Our Troop of Life-Saving Guards, which has recently been started, is doing well. On Saturday afternoon the Guards, together with the Adjutant and the Corps Officers, had a delightful hike to a farm on the outskirts of the town where they spent the afternoon. During Sunday's services we were richly blessed by the Adjutant's addresses.

COMING EVENTS

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay

TORONTO TEMPLE, Sun June 8 (Life-Saving Guard and Scout Divine Service Parade)
TORONTO TEMPLE, Thurs June 12 (Self-Denial Ingathering)
RIVERDALE CHILDREN'S HOME, Thurs June 19 (Opening of Home)
BOWMANVILLE, Sat June 21 (Opening of New Citadel)
MASSEY HALL, Mon June 23 (Commissioning of Cadets)
(Staff-Captain Hay will accompany to Corps in Toronto and vicinity)

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

TRAINING GARRISON, Sat June 14 (Opening of Sale of Work)

Col. Gaskin (R): St. Thomas, Sat Sun June 8
Lt.-Col. MacAmmond: Dovercourt, Sun June 8; **Toronto Temple**, Thurs 12; **West Toronto**, Sun 15; **Earls Court**, Tues 17; **Rowntree**, Thurs 19; **Brampton**, Sun 22; **Aurora**, Sun 29
Brigadier Burton: London II, Sun June 8 and Wed 11; **Exeter**, Fri 13; **Stratford**, Sun 15; **Ingersoll**, Wed 18; **Strathroy**, Sat Sun 22; **London I**, Tues 24
Brigadier Macdonald: Paris, Sat Sun June 8; **Dundas Mon 9**; **Hespeler and Kitchener**, Tues 10; **Hamilton VI and IV**, Thurs 12; **Hamilton II**, Fri 13
Major Owen: Sudbury, Sat Sun June 8; **Fenelon Falls**, Tues 10; **Chapleau**, Sat 14; **Chapleau and Nemagosa**, Sun 15; **Biscotasing**, Mon 16
Staff-Captain Coles: Hamilton V, Wed June 11
Staff-Captain Riches: Preston, Sat Sun June 8; **Dundas**, Mon 9; **Hespeler and Kitchener**, Tues 10; **Hamilton VI and IV**, Thurs 12; **Hamilton II**, Fri 13; **Collingwood**, Sat Sun 15

YOUNG PEOPLE BLESSED

COBOURG (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)—We were recently visited by Major and Mrs. Ritchie. On Saturday night a Praise meeting was conducted. On Sunday morning following two separate Open-air meetings in which more than fifty took part, a heart-to-heart talk on holiness was enjoyed by about eighty comrades and one soul sought the blessing of a clean heart. The Company meeting at Kingston Crossing was attended by Mrs. Ritchie. No less enjoyable and practical was the hour given to the Young People at the Corps, by the Major. For the evening service the Citadel was filled with an eager and expectant crowd which enjoyed to the full the soul uplifting and inspiring songs and addresses of our visitors.

THE SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPT.

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CANDIDATES!!

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The WORLD AS WE SEE IT



I AM no botanist, writes George Gissing, but I have long found pleasure in herb-getting. I love to come upon a plant which is unknown to me, to identify it with the help of my book, to greet it by name when next it shines beside my path. If the plant be rare, its discovery gives me joy. Nature, the great artist, makes her common flowers in the common view; no word in human language can express the marvel and the loveliness even of what we call the vul-

NATURE'S SUPERB ARTISTRY

garest weed, but these are fashioned under the gaze of every passerby. The rare flower is shaped apart, in places secret, in the artist's subtler mood; to find it is to enjoy the sense of admission to a holier precinct. Even in my gladness I am awed.

To-day I have walked far, and at the end of my walk I found the little

white-flowered woodruff. It grew in a copse of young ash. When I looked long at the flower, I delighted myself with the grace of the slim trees about it—their shining smoothness, their olive hue. Hard by stood a bush of wych-elm; its tattered bark, overlined as if with the character of some unknown tongue, made the young

ashes appear yet more beautiful. It matters not how long I wander. There is no task to bring me back; no one will be vexed or uneasy, linger I ever so late. Spring is shining upon these lanes and meadows; I feel as if I must follow every winding track that opens by my way. Spring has restored to me something of the long-forgotten vigor of youth; I walk without weariness, I sing to myself like a boy, and the song is one I knew in boyhood.

VALUE OF MILK TESTED

A GIGANTIC experiment in dietetics is being conducted in Lanarkshire, a district in Scotland, which has suffered greatly by the general industrial depression. Ten thousand children, attending sixty-seven schools, are to be given, each school day, for four months a ration of three-fourths of a pint of milk in order to determine the effect upon their physique, height and weight.

As about a third of those who are being experimented upon come from homes in which exists more or less distress on account of the parents being out of employment the conditions seem very favorable for estimating the value of milk as a food.

At the same time ten thousand other children who do not receive the milk are also to be weighed and measured. Apart from its main purpose, the result of the experiment may react on dairy farming, causing a greater consumption of milk and the raising of more cattle.

MOTORIZING IN NIGERIA

THE PROBLEMS of motorists in Northern Nigeria are revealed in the ensuing incident which befell a Swedish-American doctor, in British territory, 1,000 miles inland:

"We had gone to attend a missionary's wife," he said, "and as we could not get our car across the last river we left it on the bank. When we returned two days later we discovered the battery was completely exhausted, for in our absence mischievous men and boys had turned the headlights on and left them alight. We tried all sorts of ways to get a spark, without success. At last we secured the resident missionary's cycle, turned it up on some boxes, cut a belt out of goat's hide, and putting one end round the back rim of the cycle and the other round the battery dynamo pulley, began turning the cycle pedal. Soon we began to get some sparks, but we went on charging that battery for an hour to make sure, for we should have had to go four hundred miles to get a new one."

REMNANTS OF A QUEER RACE

THE vast island-continent of Australia, owing to its isolation from the rest of the world since very remote times, still has the remnants of ancient animal families.

There is the spiny ant-eater, with its porcupine-like covering of prickly quills, its long, thin nose, and its tiny mouth, from which the tongue protrudes several inches. To see one of these creatures wandering laboriously along reminds one of a miniature elephant, the nose bearing a close resemblance to an elephant's trunk, and its body and short neck being in similar proportion to those of the elephant.

The duck-billed platypus is a weird creature, being a ludicrous mixture of mammal and bird. Its bill is like that of a duck; it dives to the bottom of the water for its food, has webbed feet and lays its eggs in a nest of grass roots and twigs placed in a burrow by the side of the water. Despite these bird-like features, it is

unquestionably a mammal. It has claws on its feet, a tail somewhat like a beaver's, and its body is covered with brown fur.

Then there is the wombat, a good-sized specimen of which will weigh more than a hundred pounds. Fossil remains indicate, however, that these creatures once weighed much more. The wombat is a vegetarian and digs burrows in which the young are born.

Both the wombat and the spiny ant-eater carry their young in pouches.

Unemployment in America

The number of unemployed in the United States is placed at 3,100,000, while in Canada the number is estimated at 200,000 to 250,000.

Over 20,000 fruit trees were planted in the district of Oliver, British Columbia, this Spring.



A CORPS OF "LIFERS"

DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIQUE BHANTU COLONY IN THE ANDAMANS

By Adjutant E. W. Sheard

THE Andaman and Nicobar Islands are in the Bay of Bengal, some eight hundred miles from Calcutta and Madras, and four hundred miles from Rangoon. Many years ago a settlement for Indian convicts under sentence of transportation was founded at Port Blair. As some four hundred miles of shark-infested sea separate the island from the nearest land, escape was almost an impossibility, and so, from that point of view, its location was considered ideal.

In recent years, however, the increasing interest of almost all civilized authorities in the criminal element of their populations has led the Indian Government to modify its policy with regard to the compulsory transportation of its most dangerous criminals. It is now possible for a long-term prisoner to choose between serving his sentence in an Indian jail or the Andamans.

The three largest islands of the Andaman group are the North, Middle, and South Islands. Considerable development has taken place on the South Island since the foundation of the old penal colony there, and large areas have been cleared by convict labor and planted with cocoa-nut, rubber, tea and coffee. It is in a large area of about one hundred square miles near Port Blair, in the beautiful valley of Anikhet, that the Bhamtu Colony has been established.

India is a country very susceptible to the commission of crime known as "dacoity," or brigandage.

Three hundred outrages credited to one gang of outlaws during a certain period were varied in degree of frightfulness, but were all similar in character.

After a year's work of almost incredible hardship in swamps and jungle, and during which the gang on no less than eight occasions managed to elude elaborate traps laid for them, success at last attended the efforts of the police and the gang was rounded up. Eight of the leading men were found guilty. They were hanged soon afterwards.

I was present at the conclusion of the two years' trial when the one hundred and twelve prisoners received life transportation sentences. The men were squatted in lines on the turf of an open courtyard. Indian police with gleaming bayonets formed a close guard around them.

As the judge rose to pronounce the verdict and sentences, every eye seemed to hold a question. In a few moments the suspense was over. The crowd of prisoners sat without a movement as though stunned.

Owing to the changed policy of the Indian Government with regard to transportation, the men were given the choice between remaining in Indian jails or going to the Andamans. A special condition attached to their choice was that only men would be permitted to go who could persuade their wives and children to go with them. The majority of the men agreed to this, and after some months of preparation and innumerable interviews between the prisoners and their relatives the first party left. As our Officers had had considerable experience in dealing with members of this tribe, The Army was asked to help in settling the people in the Bhamtu

Colony; they undertook the task. The colonists occupy villages built on the low hills overlooking the valley along which are spread their valuable ricefields. Houses are detached, with plenty of space for the growing of vegetables, fruit trees, etc. The main source of income is from rice growing, but this will be augmented in time by the income from cocoa-nut plantations which can be established on the surrounding hills. Conditions are also favorable for the breeding of cattle, goats, and fowls.

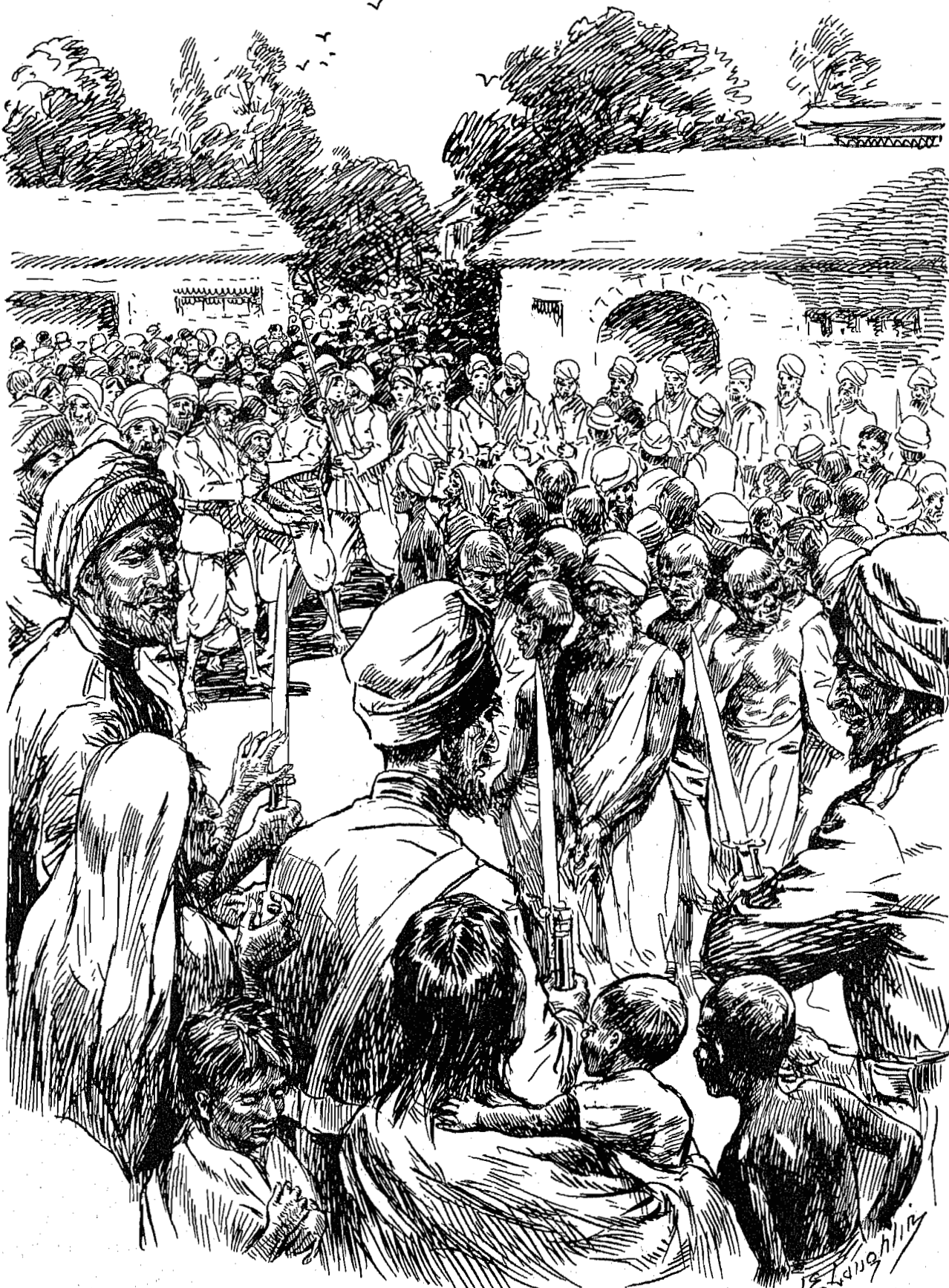
Education of the children is a strong point. The temporary school

with some seventy scholars was described in the Inspector's Report of last year as the best village school in the islands for attendance and examination results. A native compounder with a well-stocked dispensary is a useful aid in keeping up the health of the colonists.

In Salvation Army matters the colony is "Doing The Army" and finding a ready response in the hearts of many of the settlers. The colony Corps of which almost all the male Soldiers are "lifers" has a Corps Sergeant-Major, a Junior Sergeant-Major, and a Corps Cadet Guardian who are all life-sentence convicts.

The children are the key to the prospects in all sections of the colony, and no effort is thought too much for development on the right lines. We want to ensure that they have every chance of becoming God-loving, intelligent, and healthy colonists. One of the smartest items of the program in a recent gathering was given by our colony Life-Saving Scouts numbering forty, who, with their Drum and Fife Band, gave a splendid display.

Results so far and the immediate promise of extension mark the scheme as one of the most beneficent that The Army has ever undertaken.



"One hundred and twelve prisoners received sentence. Indian police, with gleaming bayonets, formed a close guard around them"